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## CLEARING THE ROAD TO PEACE

## The Nation

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

MR. ASQUITH spoke at Leeds on Wednesday with his usual skill and emphasis of phrasing, as well as with a serious appreciation of the true road to peace. His definitions, negative and positive, were on the whole helpful, and even stimulating. He declared that the aim of the war was to secure a peace; and, repeating his statement that peace was the "supreme interest of mankind," he ruled out (a) a mere territorial arrangement, (b) an "imposed" peace, ignoring local liberties, (c) a peace of veiled warfare—a clear hint that the Paris resolutions are not to be made the basis of our economic policy. With equal decision Mr. Asquith threw over the conception of the "armed peace," expressed in the famous pagan maxim. The war, being a "war against war," could only issue rightly in the creation of a "world-wide polity," based on disarmament and arbitration. This, again, could be secured by a minimum degree of force, yielding finally to a rule of consent and common-sense. To this sober idealism Germany must contribute something more than "pious platitudes," or "unctuous generalities." What, for example, was her answer to the demand for the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine and a fully independent Belgium? A reply to the Belgian case could be given in a couple of sentences. We warmly agree. Belgium is no subject for barter, still less of a Dutch auction. But it is, we think, important to get it out of Germany's head that her surrender of Belgium, and her acceptance of a peace of real renunciation and constructive settlement, will still leave her subject to the ban of the Paris Conference. And here Mr. Asquith's speech, like all his recent utterances, is a real help.

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THE German reply to the Papal Note was published on September 23rd. It is an ill-proportioned and

unsatisfactory document, of which nearly one-half is a lengthy preamble demonstrating that the Kaiser has since his accession always behaved as a prince of peace. The essential portion of it, however, accepts the Papal Note and the Reichstag resolution as a basis of negotiation, and adopts the suggestion of the limitation of armaments so far "as is compatible with the vital interests of the German Empire and people." The reply studiously avoids any reference to the detailed conditions put forward by the Pope. It is, of course, owing to its silence on the cardinal question of Belgium, quite unacceptable as it stands. Nevertheless, the emphasis placed upon the limitation of armaments, although we may reasonably regard it as platonic in the absence of a frank acceptance of the main condition of a just peace, marks a very great change in the standards by which the German Government judges what ideals it is politic to put before the German people. From German profession to German act is a long way. But we may fairly regard the German reply as the first, and by no means an inconsiderable, stage in the journey of the German Government to Canossa.

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INDEED, the importance of the reply as a document for home consumption is great. We have to remember that it was discussed and approved by the representatives of the Reichstag Majority on the "Free Commission." Nothing that has happened since the passing of the Reichstag resolution suggests that the attitude of the Majority parties has changed; indeed, they seem to have been confirmed in it by the violence of the attacks upon them. It is due to their pressure, undoubtedly, that the Reichstag resolution occupies a prominent place in the reply, and it is highly probable that they received an informal assurance that, in the event of a further question with regard to Belgium, it would be answered in the sense of their resolution. So, as an intermediate stage in the process of climbing down, we have an official German message stating that von Kuhlmann informed the Papal Nuncio that Germany would be willing to evacuate Belgium on conditions, of which the chief is that the separation between the Flemings and the Walloons introduced by the Germans should be maintained, and that there should be full freedom for German trade in Belgium, particularly in Antwerp. This is another stage on the road. The Flanders coast, if the report be true, has definitely disappeared from the German demands. A declaration of war against the German Government by the German Jingoies cannot fail to follow. If the Papal Note thus compels the German Government to come out definitely on the side of the Reichstag majority, much will have been accomplished.

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THE Austrian reply to the Papal Note, which is, as usual, couched in much warmer and more convincing terms than the German when it speaks of the peace of the world and the prevention of future wars, brings with it no change in the situation either abroad or at home. The Premier, von Seidler, in his opening speech to the Reichsrat, assured the world that the Austrian Emperor's advocacy of disarmament was serious and sincere, and there is no reason to doubt the assurance.

Austria-Hungary cannot go further than it has done in the expression of its desire for peace. Apart from the nationalities, the great majority of the German parties are unanimous in their support of Czernin's endeavors to obtain it. The chief organ of the Christian Socials is critical of Germany's studied ambiguity with regard to Belgium, while the Socialists and the honest Liberals of the "Zeit" bitterly attack it. Meanwhile, however, the Government is not sure of the support of a single party, and a chance incident in the Reichsrat may suffice to bring it to the ground, unless, as is indeed quite probable, the parties draw the only possible conclusion from their refusal to take office, and consent to be governed by a bureaucracy, controlled by a wholesome fear of the Reichsrat, until the conclusion of peace.

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THE announcement that the "Ausgleich" between Austria and Hungary has been renewed provisionally for the term of one year will cause great grief to the advocates of a Central European economic federation (Mittel-Europa). Its supporters among the Central Empires were very anxious that the necessary agreements should be concluded before the peace conference, so that the Central Powers could negotiate as a united block. This grandiose scheme has been wrecked on the reef of Magyar particularism. The new Hungarian Government has announced that it regards a long-term "Ausgleich" between Austria and Hungary as a matter for a new Parliament, and since Wekerle, the Premier, seems determined not to risk an election during wartime, the scheme is automatically adjourned *sine die*. Thus one of the fears upon which our English Jingoists base their arguments has been quietly removed over night. Moreover, it has to be remembered that though it was Apponyi and his "Independence" Chauvinists, who actually prevented the realization of the scheme before the conclusion of peace, German supporters are growing more and more doubtful of it. Naumann's articles in "Die Hilfe," following as they did upon an attack by Prince Lichnowsky on the scheme as calculated to make economic peace after the war impossible, were, in effect, a recantation of the idea which Naumann originated and to which he has devoted his life.

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THE more progress is made with the separation of the sheep from the goats in Germany, the better will be the chances of a speedy and just peace. The election of Friedberg, the leader of the National Liberals of the Prussian Diet, to the leadership of the party in place of Bassermann, means that the National Liberals have completely capitulated to the armaments interests. Their resolution denouncing the Reichstag resolution and rejecting both the Parliamentary system and the granting of autonomy to Alsace-Lorraine will have brought the party to the parting of the ways. The "Berliner Tageblatt" asserts that all the National-Liberals deputies of the Reichstag, save one notorious agent of Krupp's, were opposed to the resolutions. This is perhaps exaggerated; but there is no doubt that there is a strong and able minority of the Reichstag Party which advocates the support of the Reichstag resolution and the introduction of the Parliamentary system. Moreover, the majority of the Reichstag party is opposed to any action which would lead to a final breach with the Reichstag majority. The extremists of the Right, who have possessed themselves of the organization and are plentifully supplied with funds from "Gross-industrie," have carried the day, and by so doing they have made a split in the party inevitable. This would be welcomed both by the reformers and the peace-party in Germany. The nominal participation of the National-Liberals in the democratic movement has merely served to smother it.

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THE simultaneous publication of the statistics of the two Socialist parties in Germany, showing that on March 31st last, that is a month before the foundation of the Independent Party at the Gotha Conference, the Majority Socialists numbered only 250,000, while the numbers of the Independents have reached over 120,000, indicates that the strength of the two parties is at the

present moment almost equal. It is, however, unlikely that the Independents will ever again have the upper hand, and since the Socialist majority began to take up a strong attitude in the July crisis, there have been no more accessions of importance to the Minority ranks. Events since July, such as the defence of President Wilson's Note by "Vorwärts," have served to remove from the Majority the stigma of being Government Socialists. The presence of a strong Minority party, however, serves the useful purpose of keeping the Majority to an active policy in order that they may lose no more ground. "Vorwärts" now claims that the number of its subscribers is increasing again. This is not improbable, for the Majority can certainly claim it as due to their Parliamentary policy that the Franchise Rescript of July was issued, and their prestige has greatly increased among the working classes as the result of their victory. But they will never again dare to risk the imputation that they are the servants of the Government, so long as the system of Government is not radically changed. It is high time the English Press appreciated the changed situation among the Socialists. Apart from a few Jingo nonentities, the Majority Socialists have become the Radical party of Germany.

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THE British assault which began last week east of Ypres has become merged in a struggle that now involves almost all the ground from Shrewsbury Wood (north of the Ypres-Commines Canal) to the Poelcappelle Road. The front of attack is a concave curve that is gradually being carried nearer to the crest of the high ground which forms the only good observation positions east of Ypres. The centre of the crest is about Passchendale, and we can most easily grasp the present gains of Sir Douglas Haig from the fact that, in less than ten days, they have brought the British front halfway to Passchendale. This village, unimportant in itself, has the adventitious significance of marking a position not two miles ahead, that rests on the last observation ground before we come to the Flanders plain. The ridge is nowhere higher than some 200 feet, and represents but a gentle swell in the ground. Yet, little as positions matter in this war, the possession of such a ridge means a constantly open window into the disposition of the troops opposed to the army which holds it. The immediate objective of the severe fighting which moves about the curve east of Ypres in an apparently aimless manner is this ridge.

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LAST week's local offensive astride the Ypres-Menin road gave us possession of the small hummock in which the ridge culminates, and the struggle to regain it is eloquent testimony to the value of our success. But on Wednesday Sir Douglas Haig struck once more while the defensive was still reeling, and pressed his lines forward another 1,500 yards on a front of six miles. The gains in this advance cannot be measured merely by the area covered. On the southern flank of the attack, where almost every yard is important, we have carried the line towards the outskirts of Gheluvelt, which was the scene of the most critical episode of the first battle of Ypres. On the eastern slopes of the ridge the Germans had built formidable fieldworks, but the British troops swept over the crest, carried the redoubts, and beat off the heavy counter-attacks that were speedily directed from Gheluvelt. North of the Ypres-Menin road, where the Germans have been struggling with little intention to recover the ground lost on the 20th, English and Scottish battalions swept forward against the most obstinate resistance. The same principle which has moved the enemy to make critical points of certain small sectors of the line (such as that which crosses the Lys) prompted them to extraordinary efforts here.

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THE northern flank of the attack secured about half a mile of ground covered with fortified farms. The troops engaged were North Midland and London Territorials, and they had barely taken the positions before they had to withstand a heavy counter-attack. A second, delivered early in the afternoon by heavier forces, pressed

the British troops back; but they almost immediately recoiled and secured the bulk of the lost ground. In the whole of the assaults the British troops secured over 1,600 prisoners, and found on the ground large numbers of German dead. But the success of the battle is better measured by the approach to the ridge which forms the main German defensive system. Several German orders have been captured recently which show the concern of the command at the loss of ground and the casualties suffered by the enemy. It seems certain that the struggle is even more severe than that of the Somme battle, and we are justified in concluding that the German command sees its possession of Flanders endangered, or even the safe evacuation of the coastal sector. But for the moment it is enough to note that a few weeks of fighting have given us such gains, and that, on the whole, our losses are not heavy.

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POLYGON WOOD could hardly be taken, or if taken not maintained, if the Germans could have held their positions between it and the Ypres-Menin road. Hence the fierceness of the resistance on this mile or so of ground. German reinforcements massed behind the Passchendaele ridge were thrown into the struggle here, time after time; and, although the assault began before dawn, the troops had not secured the objectives assigned to them till the end of the day. Two companies of Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders had been isolated by the German counter-attack of Tuesday morning, but the new advance found them holding out, and relieved them. Between 4 p.m. and 7 p.m. four separate counter-attacks were made in great strength, but the English, Scottish, and Welsh, assisted by the Australian troops on their right, broke up each attack with heavy loss. Farther north the main British attack carried the Australian troops from the western edge of Polygon Wood to the trench system which lay east of it. On their left, English, Scottish, and Welsh battalions crossed the German defensive system to the depth of nearly a mile, and captured the highly-fortified village of Zonnebeke.

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Two formidable night air raids have taken place during the week. It is probable that the Germans realize the impracticability of daylight air raids while there are strong battle squadrons in the country. But at night-time the problem is different. Aeroplanes, except in far greater numbers than we now use, are no sufficient guarantee of immunity while they act on the defensive. It is true we have but the narrow gateway of the coast from Nieuport to the Dutch frontier to watch; but the darkness allows the German airmen to move through it, and once they have approached the English coast, they are free to separate and fly to their objectives singly or in small numbers. These were the tactics of the raid which occurred on Monday night. The raiders crossed the Kent and Essex coast at various points, and one or two followed the Thames to London. The barrage put up by the anti-aircraft guns was the heaviest Londoners have so far experienced, and as the damage done both by raiders and the aerial defence was slight, we are justified in believing that at a certain pitch of development, a scientific barrage on the outskirts of London is the next best thing to the defence by aeroplanes. It is clear that it can ensure a certain amount of immunity.

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THE second raid followed tactics similar to those of Monday. On Tuesday one raider penetrated to London, and caused some twenty casualties in the South-Eastern suburbs. We have no statistics as to the numbers of people injured by our own fire and by the raiders; but it is clear that there can be no safety except under cover. This at once suggests the need of warnings, and we think it obvious that the Government should adopt some form of warning which will reach people more effectually than the passage of policemen along the streets. But this is to assume these raids as a normal feature of life, and we are convinced that this is an extremely dangerous policy. *London can and must be protected.* It is not a problem that concerns the

fringes of our policy. London is the nerve-centre of the British Empire, which is at present called upon to bear the brunt of the fighting. The defence of London is best conducted off the shores of Kent, which face the only gateway of approach to this country. With a sufficiency of aeroplanes it should not be difficult to patrol this narrow stretch of sea while there is any danger of a raid. The mere patrol need not be carried out by the fighting squadrons, which could be conveniently based on the coast ready for attack on warning from the aeroplane or seaplane patrol.

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THE present defence of the country from air raids is divided between the Navy and Army air services. This is not a division to be commended; but assuming it in force we are justified in asking something from the Navy. The Naval Air Service is quite the equal of the Army Air Service in skill and daring, and there is no obvious reason why it should not maintain a constant patrol off the small strip of Belgian coast which the German airmen must cover. The gist of the position is that the Germans have caught us napping. They can afford aeroplanes to raid the heart of this country, and we do not allocate enough machines to give us immunity. We can draw little encouragement from the record of attacks on the German depots in Belgium. The ideal defence is a consistent and continual offensive against German bases. Essen, Dusseldorf, and the main munition centres could as easily be bombarded as the farther Belgian areas, and we wonder why this obvious offensive has not been developed. Clearly we require many more aeroplanes, and much more enlightened and aggressive tactics.

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IT was announced on Wednesday that the system of leaving certificates for munition workers is to be abolished on the 15th of next month. Mr. Churchill promised this reform in his speech as Minister in August. The system had been the cause of a great deal of discontent and ill-feeling, and it was a characteristic example of the false methods by which the Government sought to stimulate the supply of munitions. We have always urged in these columns that the interests of social peace and industrial efficiency alike call for the restoration of normal conditions wherever they are possible. The system of leaving certificates was a wholly unnecessary provocation to the patience of workers, who deserved very different treatment, and it was liable to serious dangers and abuses. The Trades Union Advisory Committee have issued an appeal to munition workers not lightly to change their employment on the ground that any large sudden migration would disturb the output of munitions. This is the true method. It is much easier to enlist the patriotism of the workman than to conscript it.

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THE latest figures of the Swedish elections, which do not even yet appear to be final, give Branting's Social Democrats eighty-six seats, mainly won from the Conservatives and the Socialists of the Left. The Liberals have also gained steadily, and have now sixty-two seats. But the Conservatives, with fifty-eight, still remain a strong party, and it is unlikely that, with the attitude of the Court what it is and the fact that constitutional government seldom works according to pattern in small countries, Branting himself will be called upon to form a government. On the whole, the probabilities point to the formation of a Liberal-Social-Democrat coalition, with a moderate Liberal at its head. Branting's vigorous pro-Ally policy is felt, in other than Conservative circles with pronouncedly German sympathies, to be attended by some danger for Swedish neutrality. However, the strength with which Branting's party will emerge from the elections would seem to make a coalition of all parties, which appeared the most likely solution before the Luxburg revelations, unworkable. The net effect of the revelations, if a coalition of the Liberals and the Social Democrats takes office, would be that the somewhat unfriendly neutrality of Sweden, instead of pausing at the position of absolute neutrality, will have swung over to one of friendly neutrality.

## Politics and Affairs.

### CLEARING THE ROAD TO PEACE.

We do not quite know why our sect of Never-Endians should concern themselves with the deficiencies of the Austro-German reply to the Pope's appeal for peace. For their effort during the last fortnight has been to impress upon the country, by every art of suggestion, that it did not matter what our enemies said so long as it was they who said it. The Note might answer Mr. Asquith's interrogation by conceding the Pope's demand for the "complete evacuation of Belgium." No matter whether the words were good or evil, so long as the hand that set them down was the Kaiser's or his counsellors. It might yield the second great British claim, that the nations should unite to substitute a rule of public law for the rule of force. That, we were told, would be equally valueless, as coming from a Power which had destroyed the existing system of internationalism. As with the Note, so with any Treaty founded upon an Austro-German declaration of terms. If official Germany said war—well, that was like Germany, and we were prepared to meet her. If she said peace, that was like her, too; and, in any case, we should not discuss a good peace until we had made what we considered was a good war. So long as the military destruction of Germany remained "incomplete," said Sir Edward Carson, any peace must be "short." We need hardly pause to note the disappearance, under the stimulus of the "knock-out blow," not only of our old ideal of setting up Right to war with Might, but of the newer test of democratization. Sir Edward Carson tells us plainly that he has no use for a democratized Germany, unless it also happens to be a militarily prostrate one. Why should he? Democracy has no saving virtue for him or for Lord Milner, or for anyone to whom the war presents itself as an encounter between two rival organizations of force. His test is not Lord Grey's test of an Austro-German willingness to come into a League of Nations, even though our enemies should offer us the power of testing their sincerity by concerting a general plan of disarmament. He is not thinking either of the substance of any conceivable Treaty that we might arrange with Germany, or of the spirit in which it may be negotiated. He is out for unconditional surrender. Thus the ghost of the Boer War rises again, and we are back to Milnerism. Perhaps, therefore, it is appropriate to remind these Never-Endians of the desk and the platform that this time we are not engaged in the chase of half-a-dozen fugitive commandos through the African scrub. We are in the fourth year of a world-war which is fast wearing out the material stock and the moral power of civilization.

So far, therefore, as the Austro-German Notes advance this agreeable enterprise by exhibiting the enemy Governments as parties to its indefinite continuance, our Never-Endians should rejoice. And, indeed, they make no great effort to conceal their satisfaction. The Notes are silent on Belgium, and speak only in general and unctuous terms of adhering to the policy of arbitration and disarmament. That is disappointing enough to any lover of his country and of mankind. But let us ask ourselves—who is it that pays even this lip-service to the cause of international polity? Who is it that speaks of the "moral power of right" superseding the power of arms? The "Times" is apt in its reply. The employers of Luxburg and Papen. The Emperor who

told Isvolsky that France had settled the question of Alsace-Lorraine against herself when she declined to fight "him" for it. The Power which whittled down the Hague Conventions in time of peace and destroyed them in time of war. True; we accept all these tests. But let us examine them in the light of the language of the Notes. We agree with the "Westminster Gazette" in discounting much of it, and in stressing the one point on which all the rest turns. That is the promise of disarmament. Put it as we will, the Austro-German Notes contain an offer to come into a Society of Nations. Now we take it as a matter of common-sense that if we are to form an international organization—as form it we shall—it will be much safer to have Germany in than to have her out. The real question is as to guarantees. So far as the Never-Endians envisage a peace at all, it is a mere patchwork of territorial arrangements, cynically at variance with the early professions of our statesmanship and the moral purpose which underlay them. While they dare not put such a peace to the peoples or the armies, they nevertheless intend it. But what is its value? Mr. Asquith laid his finger on the spot when he traced our present woes to the Treaty of Frankfort and the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. A hundred such instruments have been made and broken, for the reason that they aimed only at material rectifications of an always tremulous balance of power. But we have got to the point of realizing the full destructiveness of war. The nations cannot merely beat each other; they can wipe each other out. The remedy against the lethal character of modern war is a moral remedy, and there is no other. Disarmament or death, concord or ruin, the organization of a new order or an anarchic ending for the old—there is no other statement of alternatives. If, therefore, the most ingeniously and cruelly organized of the national war-units admits the bankruptcy of its great force-idea, and is willing to discuss the means of annulling it, we have at least arrived at an important stage of development. To this pass, governing Germany, sincerely or insincerely, has come, and we may be sure that she has not arrived at it by way of her belief in her victory in arms. She has come to it because she sees a new power rising in the world, to which the doctrine of physical force must, sooner or later, adjust itself.

If this be at all a right general key to the meaning of the Note, we may advance a step further in its interpretation. Its great, its criminal, shortcoming is the absence of a frank and full abandonment of Belgium. The door to peace lies here; the question is whether Germany means to close it or to leave it ajar, until her General Staff realizes that the fate of Belgium is not a matter for bargaining, but for surrender. According to the "Weser Zeitung," "Germany intends to give up Belgium," and it is indifferent whether she says so in terms or not. If this be a signal of policy, the German Note is not without indications that it is a true one. The Note seems to adopt the proceeding known to us as legislation by reference, under which one Bill takes over the provisions of a preceding Act by incorporating it in its schedule. Now the majority of the Reichstag were formally associated with the preparation and the issue of the German Note. They were consulted, and the consultation is both recorded and endorsed. The Note declares that the German basis of peace will be sought in "accordance with the desire of his Holiness and with the peace resolutions adopted by the Reichstag." Both these documents were unequivocal on the subject of Belgium. The Pope insisted on complete evacuation, coupled with guarantees

for her full "political, military, and economic independence." The Reichstag resolution condemned all "forcible acquisitions of territory," and political, economic, or "financial usurpation" (or "oppression"). The one terminology is obviously founded on the other. In a word, the German Note professes to be framed in concert with the one document, and formally fathoms both. What, then, is the meaning of the plain divergence between the two presentations of German policy? The annex to the German Note divides Belgium into two administrative centres, and practically establishes a German suzerainty of the whole country. Unless the reference to Antwerp is meant to cover a claim for most-favored nation treatment, it also seeks to set up an economic preference. That is, it negates the spirit and the letter of the Reichstag resolution. Is it, then, conceivable that this movement of the German Parliament was a blind? It is possible. But we prefer to conclude that in the fight between German militarism and German Parliamentarianism, the Parliament has not yet won, but that it is going to win.

Here, then, is matter for a fuller disclosure. Thank God, this long silent world is at last becoming a great talking-shop. The Pope has spoken on peace. The workmen of Europe would have conferred on peace if Mr. George had let them. The Germans have half-promised to surrender Belgium, the prize of their first and worst act of de-civilization. And they have offered de-militarization. If, therefore, militarism is the general cause of the war, and the invasion of Belgium the main cause of our special entry into it, these confessions and retractions take us a step on the road of reconciliation. It must be further explored. For we also have a work of clearance and avoidance to do. We are bound to a further statement of war-aims, if only to make good our profession of "disinterestedness," to harmonize our policy with America's, and to avoid an entry into the Peace Conference without a concerted policy. Otherwise we, too, confuse Might and Right, and demoralize the war.

#### DAMNING THE CONSEQUENCES AGAIN?

For some time past a favorite topic of discussion, whenever two or three politicians are gathered together, has been the future political career of Mr. Lloyd George. Few believe that he can ever regain the confidence and allegiance of a united Liberal Party, leading them along the paths of triumphant democracy and social reform across the ruins of landlordism, monopoly, and hereditary misgovernment. Some think there will be no such party left in the new alignment of political forces. On the other hand, it is considered equally unlikely that Mr. George will let his personality sink, like the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in the essentially defensive tactics of a Conservative Party devoted to the protection of property and interests. He will not bind himself to the body of this death. For he has vigor and imagination, and must be forecasting a post-war situation in which a daring adventurer can gather round him a set of political forces liberated from all the old allegiances, and ready for personal direction. Beckoning his followers indifferently from all political sections, he would naturally like to style the product a National Party had he not been forestalled by the nimbleness of Mr. Joynson Hicks. The term Imperial remains unappropriated.

That Imperialism, with all that it implies, will form one not inconsiderable ingredient in the new political mess which Mr. George may be preparing, follows from the selection of his most confidential fellow-cook. No inspector of surface politics would, even three years ago, have deemed it possible that a union of the principles and temper of Lord Milner with the sympathies and tactics of Mr. George was really practicable. It is but sixteen years since Mr. George was risking life and limb in Birmingham by his unmeasured denunciation of the war which Lord Milner engineered in South Africa. It is but eight years ago since Lord Milner challenged revolution in this country

by inciting his fellow-peers to a rejection of Mr. George's Budget. Here is the account of Lord Milner's political personality given in December, 1909, by our present Prime Minister:—

"Look at the two pro-consuls who took part in this debate—one of them (Lord Cromer) advising that the Bill should not be thrown out; the other (Lord Milner) advising that it should be thrown out—Lord Cromer, a man who found his province devastated by misgovernment, desolated by war, and left it a land of abounding and smiling prosperity; the other, who found a smiling land, prosperous, leaping into great wealth, and left it, after years of mismanagement and miscalculation, a scorched and blackened desert. He has a peculiar genius for running institutions and countries into destructive courses. This is the man who threw out the Budget. His motto is one which I apologize for quoting in a respectable assembly—his motto is, 'Damn the consequences!' The war will only cost ten millions. Somebody says it will cost 220! He will say, 'Damn the consequences!' Tariff Reform will produce thirteen millions a year and will help every trade and industry, and you go to him, and say, 'No, it will not produce five millions, and it will ruin and embarrass half the trades of the land.' He will say, 'Damn the consequences!'"

"But after all," it will be said, "ardent politicians are given to the use of strong invective: their anger is notoriously shortlived, and the emergency in which our country stands heals many wounds and achieves great reconciliations. Why should not Mr. George and Lord Milner work in harmony for the common good of their land?" There are those who have always suspected that Mr. George had in him many of the latent qualities required for such co-operation. He was hardly a "convinced" Free Trader. Signs of Imperialism were traceable as early as 1906; his Guildhall outburst in 1911 showed him prepared, as Lord Milner in 1899, for "extreme measures," and his insurance and other social-economic policy bore the hall-mark of convinced bureaucracy. Why should it be impossible or even unlikely that Mr. George should choose for his closest adviser and co-operator in framing a post-war policy the man who eight years ago "had a peculiar genius for running institutions and countries into destructive courses"? There is no evidence that Lord Milner's politics, founded as they are on the impregnable rock of Prussian paternity and schooling, with a top-dressing of Balliol, have ever shifted. The adaptation, however, would come from the more adaptable side of the alliance. Lord Milner has nothing to give to such a man as Mr. George in the shape of popular prestige. We must therefore suppose that the secret of the close personal relations notoriously established between the two lies in Mr. George's recognition that Lord Milner has something important to contribute to an attractive post-war policy. There is an illuminating sentence in one of Lord Milner's political addresses of some years ago which helps us to understand what the two are after.

"The greatest danger to the Unionist party and to the nation is that the ideals of national strength and Imperial consolidation on the one hand, and of democratic progress and domestic reforms on the other, should be dissevered, and that people should come to regard as antagonistic objects which are essentially related and complementary to one another."

As we read such words in the light of coming issues, we seem to understand why within the last few weeks articles appear in Mr. George's Press, extolling the abilities of Lord Milner, and reminding the public that "whatever policy he has been supporting, fiscal reform or military service or closer Empire union or more specific industrial reforms, the policy has been, not an end in itself, but a means to a higher social and spiritual object."

Now it is important that if, as we hold, the logic of events does offer a sharp cleavage in after-war policy, the two paths should be clearly visible to the nation. One is the path upon which the Liberal peoples of the earth believed they had already entered, that of a continuous advance in political and economic democracy upon an equalitarian basis within the national State, with a growing extension of peaceful relationship and active co-operation between nations and their

Governments, by free commerce and every other bond of interest, for the exploration and the exploitation of the world they occupied in common and the humanity they shared. The experience of the war has stamped as the primary conditions of successful advance along this path of human civilization the terms democracy and internationalism as the supreme conditions of peace and progress within the nation and the world. This policy is, however, jeopardized by the legacy of disruptive passions and interests which the war will have bequeathed, and there remains within each State the danger lest these passions and interests should mould the structure of society within the nation and maintain such divisions in the society of nations as will make genuine democracy and genuine internationalism impossible. This is the policy to which the sinister combination of Mr. George and Lord Milner seems likely to lead us. The brand may be not unaptly designated Prussian-Australianism, for it is based upon the State absolutism and the bureaucratic Socialism of Germany, tempered by the bribery of organized labor which is the corner-stone of recent Australian rule. A benevolent officialism will guarantee high wages, old-age pensions, adequate insurance against unemployment, land and other social reforms, to the working-class electorate, on condition that they will support protective tariffs, capitalistic and Government-aided syndicates for domestic and foreign trade, a more profitable exploitation of the resources of the unfree Empire, under the plea of Imperial efficiency and self-dependence, an expert bureaucracy nominally the servants of the peoples, actually the tool of the ruling and possessing classes, and, finally, a world broken into hostile economic and political systems, and kept so dangerous as to require the maintenance of conscription as a permanent feature of our national life. Not only in this country, but in others that are evolving under the same economic, political, and spiritual pressures, the same issue stands out, between a real national democracy based upon faith and a genuine control of the people over its inner destiny, and reaching out friendly hands to other democracies throughout the civilized world, and the George-Milner conception of a steel-bound, efficient national and imperial State, controlled by powerful, self-appointed individuals and interests, and steering a devious opportunist course in a sea of world relations kept dark and dangerous by the requirements of the national or imperial policy. To this combine Lord Milner is to supply the efficiency, Mr. George and his Press the hot air. We appeal not to Liberals alone, but to all men of political goodwill, to consider the prospect which opens out when such men get together in the close companionship of Lord Curzon, Sir Edward Carson, and Mr. Bonar Law. If we commit ourselves to the stealthy current of this stream of tendencies, it may be too late to dam the consequences.

#### THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN IMPASSE.

DURING the past month another chapter of the political history of the Dual Monarchy has faltered to an undecided close. The body politic has sunk wearily to rest in an equilibrium more unstable than before. In Austria, the "provisional" Cabinet of von Seidler has become by the mere force of inertia a *definitivum*; in Hungary, the young and hopeful franchise reformer, Esterhazy, has made way for one of the "old gang" of Magyar politicians, the devious Wekerle. It is not so much that reaction has supervened as that action has expired. The double task of making war and re-shaping its political institutions and configuration has proved too great for an Empire strained already to the breaking point.

The failure cannot justly be imputed to the authorities. In Austria the Government offered, at any time during the two months while the von Seidler *régime* was still provisional, complete supremacy "on a salver," as a German Bohemian organ put it. It implored the parties to unite on a scheme of reconstitution, and to take over the Government and carry it through. The Tchechs would

have none of it. They put forward the politically impossible claim that the solution of their problem was an international affair, which only the peace conference was competent to settle, and held contemptuously aloof. The Christian Socials adhered to their old opposition to Parliamentary Government on principle. The German National Union, after dallying with the idea a little while, realized that they would certainly have to abate their intransigent demands for German supremacy, and withdrew. The Socialists declined also on principle. There was found to be neither plan nor will for action; and so von Seidler, in spite of himself, was forced to make his bureaucratic interregnum into a permanency, with a national coloring supplied by a Minister drawn from the South Slavs, and another from the Ruthenians.

Even among the really Liberal Press there is a tendency to accept what has happened as inevitable. In a sense, the Tchechs are right. Bohemia itself may or may not be a question for the peace conference, but the political evolution of the Dual Monarchy is blocked by two problems that indubitably are—those of Poland and the South Slavs. The Russian Revolution dissipated the fear of the Tsardom which reconciled the Poles to an Austrian, though not to a German, solution of their problem, with the inevitable result that a majority of the "club" of the Polish members of the Reichsrat have thrown over their President, Lazaraki, and declared against a Central Powers' solution. They have now passed from being a permanent Government party into a permanent Opposition in Austria, and nothing that it is in the power of the Government to do will change them.

On the other hand, to any solution of the South Slav question before the conclusion of peace, the Magyars oppose an insuperable obstacle. They will yield to nothing but *force majeure*, and so long as the war continues, no force can be brought to bear upon them. The significance of the words of Wekerle in his opening speech made in the Hungarian Parliament on September 12th is unmistakable.

"The House will allow me to deal briefly with the attacks directed against the integrity of the Fatherland, attacks that are better called dreams. These efforts which come from the circles of certain Austrian politicians, I relegate to the land of dreams, first because they have no roots in the territory of the land of the Hungarian Crown, and we will take care that they do not get any; and, secondly, because they have no *points d'appui* in competent quarters, as a matter of course neither in the highest quarter of all, nor in authoritative Austrian Government circles nor in others.

"Although it is outside the circle of His Majesty's ideas to permit any change in the dualistic form of the Monarchy, I have at my appointment received the express assurance that the questions of national autonomy that are being discussed in Austria will have, directly or indirectly, no influence upon the unimpaired integrity of the Holy Hungarian Crown. Yes, although this does not appertain to our rights, I have received information both from His Majesty and the Austrian Government as well as from authoritative politicians standing outside the Government that in the case autonomous rights are eventually granted, the present frontiers of the Crown Lands will be definitive.

"Since the Austrian laws offer no means for the punishment of actions against the integrity of the Holy Hungarian Crown, so that the Austrian Government can merely repudiate such efforts, while our Code makes possible the punishment of efforts against the Austrian State, we shall be compelled at our next negotiations to bring forward the question of putting into force the principle of reciprocity."

Under the present circumstances, and at this particular juncture in the affairs of the Dual Monarchy, this speech might well seem incredible, for the demand for union with their co-racials in Hungarian territory, is not raised by the Tchechs alone. The South Slavs of Austria have a similar programme; the Ruthenians of Galicia also. Both these nationalities have representatives in the new Austrian Cabinet, and although the official policy of that Cabinet is national autonomy "within the limits of the Crown Lands," it is well known that the idea of a Federal Empire to be created by reuniting the nationalities divided between Austria and

Hungary is entertained in the highest quarters in the Dual Monarchy. Yet Wekerle announces that he is going to demand of the Austrian Government that anyone publicly advocating such a plan shall be prosecuted. This after the Tchech amnesty! It is no wonder that even the venal "Neue Freie Presse," from of old the champion of Wekerle, should regard the demand as preposterous. And the sinister assurance that the new Hungarian Government will see to it that the movement for national unity will find no roots on Hungarian soil, makes Wekerle's adoption of the franchise programme of his predecessor a bad joke. Such a speech shows that Magyars have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. And the policy which Apponyi has followed as Minister of Education is a fitting pendant to it. Apponyi seems to be acting with the one purpose of exasperating the nationalities beyond endurance. He has closed the colleges in which the Ruman teachers were trained, and has ordered that instruction in the Ruman elementary schools is henceforward to be given in Magyar. And now it is announced that he is to extend the process of compulsory Magyarization to the Serb schools in Hungary also. It is safe to say that even the Prussians have shown a more conciliatory spirit to their subject nationalities during the war than the Magyars; yet now to fill the cup to overflowing, Apponyi has distinguished himself by revoking the concessions which Tisza himself made and secured to the nationalities.

It will be observed, also, that Wekerle asserts that any departure from Dualism is excluded from the Emperor-King's "circle of ideas." This is no doubt the pious wish of the Magyars; but that does not make the categorical and unbending vindication of Magyar-dom less remarkable, for it means that Hungary is determined to make an Austro-Hungarian solution of the South Slav question impossible. Whether the Entente will be able to impose its own solution is as uncertain as the question whether it has a solution of its own, and the result will be that the problem will have to solve itself. The conflicting forces will resolve themselves into a new equilibrium. But it becomes more and more certain that the equilibrium will follow only after a period of complete political chaos, and no one dares to prophesy how much of the Habsburg Empire will emerge from it. And as a prelude to this political chaos is a chaos of political ideas. Problems that have arisen out of the efforts of peoples to throw off the political yoke of the Middle Ages are met with medieval solutions. The Tchechs demand a territorial dominion over a German minority in virtue of a "State-right" precisely similar to that which the Magyars put forward in defence of their own claims. The Tchechs claim to include the Slovaks in their kingdom of Bohemia in virtue of the modern "right of nationalities." The one right utterly excludes the other. In the same way the Germans of the heterogeneous National Union demand national autonomy to safeguard the German minority in Bohemia, while the Styrian members of the party refuse to admit a principle which would free the Slovenes of Lower Styria from a medieval German hegemony, just as, on the other side, again, the Poles, claiming independence, will not admit the right of the Ruthenians of Galicia to autonomy. With justice the German-Austrian Socialists accuse nearly all the nationalities of aiming, not at a democratic equity, but at a local tyranny. Let the national extremists first support a democratic franchise for the communes before they ask us to believe in their disinterestedness, says the "Arbeiter Zeitung."

Only the honest application of the democratic principle can create order out of this tangle of conflicting interests, and precisely the driving force of democracy is lacking in the Dual Monarchy. It seems as though it is one of the purposes of the European conflict to show that to make war in order to vindicate the democratic principle is a tragic contradiction in terms, and to prove the truth of M. Sombat's famous thesis: "Faites un roi, sinon, faites la paix." Not in the Dual Monarchy only is the mainspring of democracy weakened, because the voters (or the voters to be) are in the trenches. They alone embody the democratic will, and it can be applied only

by them in person. Only with their return, will return the power to force through the just and democratic remedy for the ills of Europe. In other words, the present condition of Austria-Hungary shows once again that peace is the essential condition without which secular injustices cannot be righted. Perhaps at the moment when the Allies are finally committed to the demand that reform shall precede peace, and when Russia, by her obdurate refusal to accept even a momentary postponement of democracy, has become finally incapable of war, the Allied statesmen will realize the truth, daily demonstrated by each belligerent country in its own degree, that democracy and war cannot breathe the same air—that peace must come before reform.

#### THE CALL FOR A KORNILOFF.

It looks very much as if the "Times" proposes to seek consolation for its failure to set up a Korniloff in power in Russia by finding a Korniloff for the workmen at home. That at least is the only intelligible object to be ascribed to the purely mischievous series of articles published this week under the title "The Ferment of Revolution." At least, we can hardly suppose that any responsible editor imagines that he will make a desirable impression on the world at large by suggesting that we are on the verge of revolution. It is good hearing for Germany, which, presumably, is invited to expect the kind of confusion that has facilitated her operations on the Eastern Front. As for the effect on the temper of the British people, we can only describe these articles as an attack and an outrage on the unity of the nation. It seems incredible that any serious set of persons should put so poor a value on the strength that a sense of national union almost without precedent in our history brought to our conduct of the war, as to stir up strife between different classes in this methodical and deliberate manner. It would be incredible if it were not that we learnt long ago that national unity is only esteemed in certain quarters if it is a German unity, a unity of discipline, and that to the idea of free co-operation of men and women pursuing an ideal, these politicians are not merely indifferent but hostile.

The basis of the reasoning of these articles is a classification which is ludicrously arbitrary and unreal. The writer divides the country into two nations; one the nation of organized labor, the other the nation of old England. Of what does this second nation consist? "It includes the whole of the propertied classes; the learned professions, the trading and agricultural interests, and the wage-earners in the industries which have not yet been taken over by the State, of which agriculture, the textile industries in Lancashire, and the earthenware industry of Staffordshire, are the most important." We note at the start that so highly-organized an industry as the Lancashire cotton industry is assigned to the second class. For what purpose is the nation thus divided? Because the writer wishes to represent one world as evading its due share of the national sacrifice. "The threefold burden of the war—military service, industrial effort, and personal thrift—falls on the two sections of the nation with unequal weight." We have only to glance at the constituents of these two worlds to realize how ridiculous is this generalization. In the one world we have the miners, in another the farmers. Is the writer of this article not aware that the rush of the miners to the recruiting stations in the early months of the war led to serious difficulties, and that it is, in fact, the main cause of the decline in the production of coal? Does anybody pretend that the same thing happened in the case of the farmers? The miners themselves, under the leadership of Mr. Robert Smillie, have made a determined effort to repair the deficiency caused by this excessive enlistment, and a study of the official reports shows that they have achieved a considerable success. It is not want of "industrial effort," but the sheer inability to get as much work out of old men as out of young men that explains the falling off in the production of coal.

Will the writer maintain that, of the miners and the farmers, the last class has made less sacrifice than the second? The profits of farmers are notorious, but they do not come before the public notice in the same way as the applications of the miners for an increase of wages.

We have only to take this one case to see how false and unreal is this division of the nation. It serves two purposes for the writer. In the first place, by separating the munition workers he is able to argue plausibly that one world has a smaller proportion of its members in the fighting ranks. In the second place, it puts in one category the men whose war fortunes have attracted an embarrassing degree of attention, and the agricultural laborer on twenty-five shillings a week, the shipowner and the sweated worker, the millionaire and the pauper. In the last great war the wretched agricultural laborer and the starving hand-loom weaver were told by the ancestors of the writer that their interests were bound up indissolubly with those of the enclosing landlord and the new cotton magnate. It is a little late in the day for this simple propaganda. We are familiar with the argument that you cannot tax the rich because you will bear hardly on the poor widow, and it is in the same spirit and for the same reason that the writer attempts to convince the agricultural laborer that he and Lord Rhondda are in the same boat. It is only one step further to tell him that he is as much concerned as the shipowners to defend the dividends that aroused such thoughtless and hasty criticism when the balance-sheets of great companies were made public, and once persuaded of this important truth, he will no doubt agree that, instead of taxing wealth, the State must proceed to reduce the wages of that other world which has not shared in the common sacrifices of the cottage and the castle.

The writer's standards of sacrifice are not less capricious and arbitrary. What is personal thrift? War Loan is an excellent investment. Is it pretended that the great financial houses that built up their fortunes out of lending money for the French War, made "sacrifices" comparable with those of the soldiers who died in the Peninsular? "Personal Thrift" is a most ambiguous phrase, covering real and painful economy and comfortable and profitable investment. As for the standard of consumption, here again we have to discriminate. The reports of the Committee on the Health of Munition Workers and the reports of the Commissioners on Industrial Unrest make it clear that the enormous strain put on the health and energy of munition workers made a higher expenditure on food absolutely necessary. Is the writer of these articles going to reproach the munition workers of Barrow, say, with want of personal thrift—men and women living in conditions of which Government Commissioners had to report that they made it difficult to believe that we were in the twentieth century? Presumably, the writer of these articles would have preferred to see the history of last century repeat itself in a general collapse of the standard of life of the working classes.

This series of articles is a good illustration of the recklessness with which certain politicians approach the delicate task of carrying a nation through a great war. At the beginning of the war, as the writer of these articles admits, the nation was wholehearted and united, prepared for any sacrifice. The working classes renounced their demands for wages, and asked for prices to be regulated. The Government of the day preferred to let things slide. That was the beginning of the "vicious circle." Matters were made worse by the refusal to tax boldly, and by the resort to borrowing with its inevitable consequence on prices. Then followed a gradual change in the treatment of the nation by its rulers; the steady discouragement of its best impulses and a greater reliance on discipline. The present Government seems to represent that temper in an extreme form. The aims of the war are no longer kept before the nation. Ministers seem chary of stating them; there is a growing suspicion of the Government's intentions; the spirit of democracy no longer receives even lip recognition. The secret of leadership has been lost, and in its place we find, as a guiding force for the destinies of a great people at the supreme moment of its fate, the ferment of reaction.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

RUMOR has run a wild course through the week. From one mouth she has blown peace in forty-eight hours. From another two or three years of war. She has settled the Treaty and the men who were negotiating it. She has taken the Germans out of Belgium in October—next spring—and set them back again. She has made several new Governments. She has invented a great number of air-raids. The nation, living in the dark, and under a bureaucracy itself buried in *paper-asses*, and devoid of the instinct and habit of leadership, reaches out naturally to these half-lights of gossip. But the interest shown in Mr. Asquith's speech, and the almost wild enthusiasm of his reception at Leeds, are evidence of how welcome would be the advent of an open, honest, rational, practical statesmanship.

FOR it is plain that Mr. George does not really lead. It is equally plain that he leans on men who are of a widely different character from that to which our people are used to look. The Prime Minister's intimacy with Lord Milner has been much remarked, and so is the advertisement of that statesman by Mr. George's humblest voice in the Press. To-day the delicate matter of "National Service" is in Lord Milner's hands, Lord Milner, the arch-conscriptionist, the man who, with all his gifts, is German of blood and of type. The supervision of speech and writing goes into the department of Sir Edward Carson, the ex-leader of a rebel movement in the Army and in Northern Ireland, perhaps our most dangerous politician since the days of the Jacobites. Prudence does not shine in these appointments, which visibly multiply the work of the War Cabinet. Labor marks them not less keenly than it watches the artistry of the "Times," jauntily throwing a picture of Revolution on to the war-screen. The country would like to feel confidence in its rulers; it has ample reason for resorting to every known source of goodness, wisdom, loyalty, and courage in counsel no less than in the field. But it is this moral reliance which now fails it. It is a grave addition to our troubles.

AND look at the Press, in the hands of those twin Imps of the Ink-bottle, Presumption and Ignorance. The master-mind of the Northcliffe papers is on a journey. Released from his wardership, his papers add folly to folly, blunder to blunder. They would embroil us with Sweden, at the moment when a good understanding is imminent, and requires only a little good sense and forbearance. They have embroiled us with revolutionary Russia. They acclaim a rebel soldier when he has seduced a few regiments, and crown him within an hour or so of his arrest and of the destruction of his movement. They show none of the old power of the "Times" in accepting good information and eschewing bad. And in the mid-current of the war, they picture the country as on the eve of a Revolution. Anyone who reads the "Times'" articles on "The Ferment of Revolution" can see that they are a very ordinary piece of literary clap-trap. If the things they say were true, it would be criminal to say them now, and in that kind of way. But they are not true. There is a good deal of advanced thinking in the labor movement: I am assured by those who know it well and watch its development in the greater centres, that there is not enough anarchy in it to fill a concert-hall. Having suggested (falsely) that there is a revolution coming, it is easy to use the kind of provocative spiritual agency that evokes the spectre of violence out of mere fatigue, discontent, aspiration, excited nerves, dislike of interferences with free speech, and of administrative harshness. And that again the "Times" and its shrieking sisterhood do not fail to do.

THE air raids were not badly borne. They try the nerves of mothers, children, the young and the excitable. They upset working London a little, pleasuring London rather more. They depopularize the Government, brutalize the war, and make it very doubtful whether

Germans of this generation will be allowed to settle and trade in London again. The alarm does not go very deep nor last very long. I was at the opera on Wednesday night. There was a very fair house, totally and cheerfully absorbed in the accomplished puzzle of Rimsky-Korsakoff's music. London is a city of many millions; it is now exposed to the fraction of a fractional addition to its death-rate. Gather all the social and political effects of the raids together, and their sum remains small. But so long as the war is in an indeterminate stage, there is absolutely no excuse for the failure to protect the capital seat and vital centre of its direction. The raids are unavoidable? I should credit that if I did not remember how the earlier raids were treated as skirmishes of outposts, and complainants directed not to disturb our august strategists of Laputa with such trifles. No one now dares even to suggest that London is not worth looking after. But that was quite the fashionable "note" of a year ago.

I TRY to diarize the Irish situation, and find it almost inexpressible. "The news of the Convention," writes an Irish friend, "is good." The Committee which is to draft its scheme of government has been formed on the proposition of a moderate Ulsterman, and is a strong one. But I do not gather a definite movement of Ulster to a general scheme of Home Rule, still less to a settlement on Dominion lines. Her representatives are said to be courteous and talkative, discussing everything, from "No Temere" to the ultimate intentions of Providence. But when they are called on for a plan they seem to draw back, on the ground that they are delegates, not plenipotentiaries. Yet the sanguine view prevails that at least if the Convention does not agree, it will leave behind it a good spirit, and an able majority report, with powerful and representative names at its back. Nor is the movement of moral integration confined within the walls of the Convention. "The Kildare Street Club wants a settlement," said a prudent Irishman to me.

UNFORTUNATELY, the Irish Government may always be relied on to contribute its quota to the work of unsettlement. Take one incident, which I relate, because the tragedy of Ireland is the tragedy of incidents, and I have urged till I am sick of urging that this kind of mal-adventure is so easily avoidable. Thomas Ashe died the other night in hospital. He had been removed at the last moment from Mountjoy Prison. He and his brother Sinn Feiners were on a hunger strike for treatment as prisoners of war. They asked for conversation, optional work, smoking, lights in cells, cells unlocked till 9.45 p.m., one visit and one letter per day, newspapers, books, writing material, no association with criminals, and associated classes for study. When they were in advanced stages of exhaustion they were offered treatment as first-class misde-meanants, and refused. Now there is another martyr—one of the scores that our shameful and senseless prison system has claimed.

LORD MORLEY'S "Reminiscences" will appear in November. In point of time they carry the reader down to the passing of the Parliament Act, and will thus cover the period of Lord Morley's administration of India. But they will not, I think, answer the popular notion of them as a volume of merely political records and memoirs. Lord Morley is a great man of letters. He was a leader of the intellectual school which took Mill for its master, and also ranged free and wide over religion, art, history, criticism. Much of this side of Lord Morley's life must appear in his book, and give it its most characteristic coloring.

THERE is a legend that a recently acquired Member of the Government, who (like Falstaff), is not only a frequent cause of wit in others, but something of a wag himself, defended his transfer of allegiance from Mr. Asquith to Mr. George, with the quip that "at all events he was the first rat to join the sinking ship."

"J. H. W." writes me:—

"I had an unforgettable experience of Dilke's

chivalry to young members of Parliament. Those were the days when private members ballotted among other things for the right of moving motions on Wednesday evenings. The fortune of the ballot gave me one of these evenings. To a young and inexperienced member, the opening of one of these set debates was an ordeal, for however old members regard the House, new members certainly look upon it with awe. In my own case, the matter was complicated by reason of my motion being set down on the evening of the day when the debate on the Budget resolutions for the year was closed and seven divisions, occupying an hour and a half, were taken in succession, immediately before my motion was called. It looked as though after an hour and a half's walk through the lobbies, the House would depart in a body for dinner, and leave the private members' sitting to take care of itself. Dilke came to me shortly before the divisions ended and told me of this fear, and that he was taking steps to see that a House was kept. A little later he came and sat by my side, told me I was assured of a good House and that there was no risk of the divisions spoiling the evening, and did everything possible to put me at my ease. It was actions like these which endeared Dilke to all who came in touch with him, and explained in some measure the fascination he exerted."

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### INDUSTRIAL VILLAGES FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS.

THIS war must leave behind a terrible legacy of maimed and damaged lives: tens of thousands of young men who are lame or blind or deaf, with strained heart or shattered nerves. Every care which medical or surgical skill can render should be theirs; the nation must charge itself to do all that is possible to reduce their suffering. But what sort of a life will they have to look forward to? Those who are absolutely incapacitated must, of course, have adequate maintenance and care either in their own homes or in public hospitals. Large numbers of partially disabled men will be found employment fitted to their capacity in the businesses they quitted for the war, or will be otherwise reabsorbed in the ordinary channels of industrial life. But there must remain large numbers outside these classes, men unfit for ordinary competitive employment, and yet possessing powers of body and mind capable of use for their own and for the national advantage. If nothing were done for such men beyond the provision of an inadequate pension, we should either be confronted with the pitiable spectacle of old soldiers converted into tramps and beggars all over the country, with which England was familiar after the Napoleonic Wars, or else they would form a dangerous pool of semi-pauper labor, on which unscrupulous employers would draw in order to evade the full payment of a living wage. We rejoice to see so many signs of a more enlightened public sentiment in the careful preparations and experiments undertaken alike by public Committees and by private energy for dealing with these damaged lives. The remarkable work in the Hostel established by Sir Arthur Pearson in Regent's Park for blind soldiers, shows what can be done, not only in the teaching of such familiar handicrafts as cobbling and basket-making, but in utilizing the special tactile skill evoked by blindness for such important occupations as shorthand and typewriting. It is usually forgotten that the typewriter was originally invented in order to enable persons blind from childhood to write.

But the problem of what these men can do for a livelihood is inseparable from the problem of where and under what conditions they are to live. If it is discovered that there are certain industries for which their condition best fits them, or certain new handicrafts which they can acquire, this economic factor must exert a powerful influence in determining the part of the country where the work can be carried on. But it is very important that work shall not so dominate life as to drag back into great industrial town life these injured men with their enfeebled or precarious health. The new possibilities of modern scientific tendencies must be

exploited to the utmost to avoid this danger. Would it not be possible to get large numbers of these men with their families into rural or industrial villages, where they could live and work amid the healing influence of natural surroundings, removed alike from the great factory or the crowded tenement or slum street? Before the war, reformers were dreaming such dreams, and planning such a restoration of the country. Is it not possible that this unforeseen emergency may be the midwife of this as of other social reforms? Mr. T. H. Mawson's book, "An Imperial Obligation," gives a most inspiring picture of the possibilities of "industrial villages for partially disabled soldiers." Art and science are to join hands in this great work of redeeming society from the degradation of the machine-made town and the oppression of the factory and the decaying feudal village. Whereas the crude and hasty economy of steam power sucked the myriads of our manufacturers into crowded town areas, the new electricity, the motor carriage, and the telephone are capable of restoring all that was best and most wholesome in the earlier crafts of the small workshop and the home industry. Not that all factories need be eschewed. It is the great industrial town, where the factory dominates physically, economically, and morally, the whole social life, that is the enemy. Before the war, there was this movement towards the break-up of the great industrial city: the hygienic, social, and even economic gains were evident. But the political and financial and spiritual impetus was still inadequate to achieve much. Town-planning was but slowly emerging from the category of idealist fads. Now, there is a feeling that the best possible must be done for our disabled men, and that all obstacles of ownership, social prejudice, and finance, must give way before the imperative duty. Mr. Mawson is an enthusiast, but not a visionary. His industrial villages are not utopias, but practical possibilities of to-day. He has a keen eye for the business side of his proposals, and believes that art and health and social sanity are quite compatible with business success. Three kinds of village are desired.

"First of all, we may have suburban colonies pleasantly situated in the outskirts of an industrial town. In such cases, not only should we probably find light and power, water and sanitation, already provided, but also a market for our produce, and a large measure of that very practical philanthropy which impels people to give the preference to a good cause in making their purchase, if, by so doing, they can obtain equal value for their money."

More often it may be possible to utilize as a nucleus an existing village with some industry already established, and with "advantages in the way of good main roads, railway and canal communications, church, school, and post office."

"Lastly, and more probably, we may start afresh on a virgin site and create a self-contained and independent village, planned on the best lines in a position chosen from all others for its special adaptability to our purposes, not only as regards aspect and elevation, with their concomitants of drainage and water supply, but equally important, direct and easy means of access for our raw materials, and of egress for the finished articles."

The particular industries pursued must, of course, be planned with consideration of local conditions. This is obvious in the case of work on the land, which should form as large a part as possible. There is no reason why such industries as bulb-growing and the raising of young trees for afforestation should not be carried on successfully by well-placed villages. The lighter branches of leather-working, such as the making of gloves, purses, satchels, &c., could be taken up, for example, by village labor in a leather county like Northampton; straw-plaiting and basket-making in Hertford and Essex; furniture, cane-ware, and upholstery in Buckinghamshire. If science were adequately applied, Mr. Mawson sees no reason why the ancient Cumberland pencil industry, which passed to Austria, should not be restored.

It is, however, no single specialized village Mr. Mawson wants to create, but one as varied as possible, with related minor crafts springing up naturally round

the central chosen ones. He sees four primary classes of workers.

"First, we have those employed in specialized handicrafts of an artistic nature; secondly, those working at factory processes in their own homes; thirdly, those employed in small workshops where a continuous process must be more or less sub-divided between a few people; and, fourthly, those engaged on ordinary factory work on the usual scale."

A chief advantage of having some central industry for each village is the economy of buying and selling that can be got by organized co-operative action, securing for the groups of producers the excessive and wasteful gains ordinarily frittered away through needless duplication and competition of middlemen and distributors. It may be said, why argue these reforms with special reference to disabled soldiers? But there are several good reasons why the wedge of this social reform can best be driven in by this emergency. The inhumanity and the economic danger of pouring disabled and subsidized labor into the ordinary labor markets make it particularly urgent that such partial segregation as belongs to this scheme should be adopted. Again, careful special adaptations of tools, processes, and so forth, will be required in the case of lame or mutilated men, if they are to do their best, adaptations which could not be got if they were mixed in with ordinary outside workers. Finally, not only will the workers be pensioners, to be kept out of competition in the ordinary labor markets, but funds will be available either from philanthropic channels or from the State to find the necessary capital for setting up their industries. Mr. Mawson is anxious that the experiment should first be tried of attracting the required capital through the ordinary business channels and by the utilization of co-operative credit. But it is pretty evident that some solid financial support, in the way of endowment or loans at low interest, will be required of the Government. Though skill, forethought, and enterprise may make many of these villages into self-supporting communities (allowance being made for pensions), there will be cases of failure or cases where a larger initial capital is needed than can be obtained by private enterprise. Afforestation is a well-known example. Even when conducted on sound business lines, many years must pass before the fruits of industry are available in the shape of marketable timber, so that it is marked out, as it were by nature, for State enterprise or State assistance.

Such a scheme to be successful either in a human or a business sense must be undertaken upon an adequate scale. This requires faith, courage, and a just imagination. Mr. Mawson's presentation of our national duty towards disabled soldiers will help to generate these spiritual powers.

#### MARS AND VENUS.

WE cannot tell whether it is so in China. The Chinese are such a peculiar people; they seek and ensue peace with such sincerity that they actually despise the soldier. The Hindus put the warrior in the second class, below the wise—a strange enough inversion. But the Chinese put them in the lowest class; and we suppose that in China such a man of war as Lord Northcliffe, the Bishop of London, Mr. Bottomley, or Lord Derby, would feel as much out of place as a fish on the sand, or a pacifist in the Episcopalian Church. Whether it follows that the Chinese soldier has a poor chance of attracting a Chinese woman, and is compelled to a loveless life, like the monks of Athos, we cannot tell. But if it is so, the Chinese soldier, standing at this disadvantage, stands alone in the whole course of military history.

The *entente cordiale* between Mars and Venus is ancient and almost theological (since both were Divine Powers). Vulcan, of the Armament Firms, was usually subservient, though once he caught them in a wire entanglement. Between the lovers there must have always been some "elective affinity," as our chemical enemies call it—some inherent power of attraction. The attraction to Venus is comprehensible enough. All

the other gods felt it, and were willing to risk any amount of entanglement for her favor. But that she, the spirit of beauty and production, behind whose footsteps even wolves and lions follow tame, should have elected as her affinity "the curse of mortals, the blood-stained horror, the destroyer of fair cities"—that was always something of a puzzle to philosophers. Why should extremes thus meet? Why should birth choose out destruction, and the mother embrace the slaughterer of sons?

One supposes the explanation of English philosophers would be simple, sensible, and rather dull, as is the way of English philosophers. Women, they would say—especially women who are mothers, or wish to be mothers, are attracted to military men as the possible protectors of themselves and their young. The attraction, they would say, is a kind of instinct or race-memory, inherited from the Pleistocene Age when man was a wolf to man, and the hand of the family, or at best of the tribe, was against every other family or tribe. And they would proceed to demonstrate that the incalculable ages of man's development have not much affected the essential cause of the instinct. The hideous sufferings and dishonors which have befallen women and their children in Poland, Belgium, Serbia, and other feebly protected countries, to say nothing of parts of France and Russia, where protection was not strong enough, are but further evidences that the instinct is natural, and will persist. It is the instinct illustrated by our War Office's inartistic but appealing placards which represent a patriotic woman pointing a peaceful youth to the battlefield and saying, "Go!" or which inquire of the girls, "Is your best boy in khaki?" It is the same deep instinct, our philosophers might say, which induces in many women a bloodthirsty clinging to the war, even after the immediate fear of invasion is over, and even in spite of family deprivation and personal sorrows. For, at the thought of any possible enemy in the present or future, the old instinct stirs, and they applaud the man who will never, never sheathe, &c., until the enemy is exterminated.

All of which, like most English philosophy, is unquestionably true, if rather commonplace as well as common-sense. We suspect that, beneath these obvious truisms, other and more spiritual causes are at work to maintain that ancient understanding between war and love. In war—not in the bellicose profiteering or the journalism which from London and America hounds youth on to death—in the real war of men fighting, not under compulsion, but for an accepted cause, one may discover the same kind of self-forgetfulness, absolute devotion, and recklessness of all future risks as is revealed in love, and is but feebly expressed even in the superhuman vows of the marriage service, "till death do us part." In both there is a superhuman element, a power of transfiguration, transforming the soul, obliterating the old outlines of character, rendering the personality capable, as the Greeks used to say, of deeds and thoughts "greater than itself."

Lest we should go poaching on ecclesiastical preserves, let us return to the homely instance of the nursemaid before the war. Out of her small wages, she was said to pay a shilling for a walk with a scarlet uniform, and half-a-crown for a bearskin. The purchase was partly artistic, for the scarlet and smartness were prettier than the alternative of drabs, greys, and second-hand trousers. Even the inartistic War Office recognized this, for it refused to exchange scarlet for khaki lest recruiting should fall off through loss of a soldier's charm to feminine eyes. In vain the present writer humbly expostulated against the expense, protesting that, after the South African War with its association of active service, khaki would prove equally attractive, and save the cost of the useless uniforms of peace. The War Office stuck to its experienced estimate of the feminine mind; but time and the war have brought their revenge, and a nursemaid or munition worker would stare derisively at scarlet now. So that, even in old days, the attraction was not mainly due to a woman's love of beauty. It was rather due, one must think, to the longing for escape—escape from the daily round, the common task:

escape from the ordinary young men of offices and counters and workshops; escape from familiar security into an unknown realm of romantic chance and variegated adventure.

Enough of the causes; no one questions the alliance, and actual war immeasurably strengthens it. Doll Tearsheet was seldom complimentary to Falstaff. One minute she calls him a muddy rascal, and bids him go hang himself for a muddy conger. But the very next she says: "I'll be friends with thee, Jack—thou art going to the wars: and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares." That is it. The time for affection may be short; the interval between now and death is reduced by every minute; let us hurriedly enjoy it to the full while yet we may; let love be part of the eating, drinking, and merrymaking before we die. Even if we escape death, goodness knows, and there is nobody cares, whether we shall ever see each other again. As upon a liner, where the ordinary restraints are relaxed and the same man or woman will become engaged or otherwise entangled three times in three weeks, so in war-time the flirtations and other relationships go with a rush. Pity, haste, uncertainty, and excitement are added to the usual military attractions, and things go with a rush.

Soldiers have seldom been unconscious of their charm. Literature is full of their unquestioning claim to it, from Ares down to Sergeant Troy. The Soldiers' Chorus in "Faust" sums it all briefly up:—

"Mädchen und Burgen  
Müssen sich geben.  
Kühn ist das Mühlen,  
Herrlich der Lohn!  
Und die Soldaten  
Ziehen davon."

Yes, women and towns must surrender, and the soldiers go marching, marching away. Tom Jones once expressed a doubt to an officer:—

"How terrible must it be," he said, "to anyone who is really a Christian, to cherish malice in his breast, in opposition to the command of Him who has expressly forbid it!"

"Why, I believe there is such a command," cries the lieutenant; "but a man of honor can't keep it. And you must be a man of honor if you will be in the Army. I remember I once put the case to our chaplain over a bowl of punch, and he confessed there was much difficulty in it; but he said he hoped there might be a latitude granted to soldiers in this one instance."

That one instance was Christ's teaching about the sixth commandment, but the latitude has been widely extended, not in this case by our bishops and clergy like the lieutenant's chaplain, but by many soldiers themselves to cover His teaching on the seventh commandment also. Those will understand who have known what it is to live the unnatural and separated life of a soldier at the front through long months on end, for the most part dull, monotonous, unoccupied, deprived of intelligent interests and of the usual affections, until the distant vision of a skirt produces a kind of mania more powerful than drink. In war-time the editors of certain papers which are allowed to circulate freely abroad, cram their columns with stories of witless indecency. Pretty and indecent pictures are produced by thousands to be stuck up in mess-rooms and dug-outs. Commanding officers say it "bucks the men up." So it does. It acts upon most men as an overwhelming infection of desire. Few among our soldiers know much of Nietzsche, beyond a vague notion that somehow or other he helped the Kaiser to produce the war, but while at war, nearly all would welcome the second half of Nietzsche's maxim: "Man must be trained for war, and woman for the relaxation of the warrior."

Many people assume these results of war to be all right and jolly. They call them "natural," and if war is to become man's natural and permanent state, the results must, as such, be accepted. Only, in that case, we shall have to change our standards of behavior too. One remembers Siegfried Sassoon's sonnet, beginning:—

"The Bishop tells us: 'When the boys come back  
They will not be the same; for they'll have fought  
In a just cause; they lead the last attack  
On Anti-Christ.'"

And the inevitable answer comes:—

“‘We’re none of us the same!’’ the boys reply: ‘‘For George lost both his legs; and Bill’s stone blind; Poor Jim’s shot through the lungs and like to die; And Bert’s gone syphilitic.”’

To which the Bishop can only sigh, “‘The ways of God are strange.”’

If the war is to last, the Bishops and writers who applaud its spiritual efficacy for good will also have to recognize the reverse of the jolly change. That reverse side is seen in the ominous increase of shops occupied entirely in the sale of indecent stories, provocative guides to sex, quack medicines for abortion, and supposed protections from venereal disease. It is seen in the lectures to soldiers upon the avoidance of venereal infection, and in other provisions, which assume—no doubt, in most cases, quite justly—that, on leave, chastity will as a matter of course be thrown aside. It is seen in the enormous increase of girls in their teens upon the streets, and in the large increase of venereal diseases throughout the country. “‘Hullo, Florrie! How long have you been gay?’’ says a middle-aged harlot, meeting a girl on the Square, in one of Tenniel’s cartoons; and the picture should be cheering for those who smile on woman as the warrior’s relaxation. No one now maunders about “‘erring Magdalens,’’ still less would we join in the abuse of girls as “‘Harpies’’ relentlessly pursuing their innocent victims from the station-gates. “‘They kill us for their sport,’’ might too often be the woman’s cry. But, after all, the alliance of Mars and Venus is a dual affair, and we only wish those who chant enraptured war-odes or deliver sermons on the God of Battles to recognize that war is invariably accompanied by sensuality, and that, according to religious standards hitherto, sensuality hardens the heart, vulgarizes the emotions, and strangles the spiritual nature of love. Last century’s hopeful poet called on mankind to move upward, working out the beast, and letting the ape and tiger die. The danger of the understanding between Mars and Venus is that those excitable old powers should degenerate into a tiger and an ape.

#### BY AN UNKNOWN DISCIPLE.

THESE things happened in the spring of the year. The winter had been long and hard. The land withered under a bitter wind that blew day after day, and men wondered if spring would ever come. Then suddenly the wind changed, and a soft, warm rain fell. The sun shone, the field flowers began to push up their heads, and the surfaces of the roadways, swept by the wind and washed by the rain, were clean and pleasant to walk upon. It was in such a time that Jesus set out on a journey through Galilee. He asked me to go with him, though he said I should see little of him.

“‘I have a work to do,’’ he said, and he looked me straight in the face as his wont was. “‘I ask your help. I cannot give the message where men will not believe in it, but when I have those with me who trust me I can deliver it.’’

I told him I was proud to be of his company, and he thanked me.

We were a large party. Peter and John were both there, with Judas Iscariot and the other disciples. Nathaniel came too, and Joanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod’s steward, with Suzanna, who brought with them certain other women and provisions, which they carried on mules. On the first day we started at dawn, and walked all the morning. Joanna offered Jesus a mule to ride upon, but he would not have it, saying he loved to walk. So he walked too.

For a time that morning Peter and John both walked with me, and Peter spoke of Joanna and of how she had offered Jesus the mule.

“‘She could not see that it would not be meet for him to go among the poor like a rich man riding upon a mule. These rich women like to bring food upon their own beasts, and no one stops them, though it is not

needful. For all men seek after Jesus, and are glad to receive him into their houses.

“‘Why, then, did he tell me he could not give this message where men did not believe?’’ I asked.

“‘It was his relatives who would not believe,’’ Peter answered with indignation. “‘We believed at once, and when he chose us they were angry. There was a day when they came wanting to shut him up as a madman, for they said he was out of his mind.’’

John said:

“‘They had known him from birth, and when the message came to him they did not understand. Perchance they were too familiar with him to see clearly. When a man thinks he knows his fellows all through, he falls into error. He forgets the mystery that is in every human being.’’

Peter answered him hastily, and as he walked he slashed at the grasses by the side of the road.

“‘You are making excuse where there is no excuse. They ought to have seen how great a Prophet he is. We saw it.’’

But John only smiled, and did not answer him back.

At noon we stopped high up on the hillside to eat our mid-day meal. Jesus went apart up into the mountain, and no man followed him. The women had given us food, and ridden on into the next village, and when we had eaten we lay in the shadow of a tall rock and rested.

The sun was hot, but there was a little breeze. The great plain lay spread out before us with its forests of oak, and its olive gardens, its vineyards, and cornfields. In the distance were the hills of Samaria, and the high lands of Judah. The ragged, woolly sheep fed peacefully near by, and their shepherd did not disturb us. The other disciples wandered away, but Peter and John stayed, and Nathaniel. Judas Iscariot, too, sat near us, but he did not join in our talk. His grave, dark face turned now and then to regard us, but for the most part he gazed on the land before him as if he brooded over some secret thought.

It was in this wise that I learnt much of Jesus from those who had been with him from the beginning. They did not all agree in what they told me. Nathaniel, whose friend Philip lived in the same town as Peter, told me of how Philip had brought him to Jesus.

“‘Peter and Philip were both there. It was near Jerusalem by the Jordan where John was baptizing,’’ he began.

Peter would not let him finish, but interrupted, saying:

“‘He did not call me at Jerusalem, but at the lake when I was fishing.’’

“‘But you were with Philip at the Jordan too,’’ said Nathaniel mildly.

“‘I had but gone to see John the Baptizer. It was after that that I was called,’’ said Peter, and would have disputed the question, but John said:

“‘What does when or where matter, seeing that he has called us?’’ And Peter was silent, and allowed Nathaniel to go on.

“‘Philip told me to come and see a great Prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, and I asked if any good could come out of a place like Nazareth.’’

“‘It is a dirty little village, and built in a hole,’’ said Peter. “‘There are no new beautiful buildings in it as there are in our town, Bethsaida.’’

And John said:

“‘The hills around are wonderful. A man can find freedom there. But go on Nathaniel. Tell us more.’’

“‘I went with Peter, and when we came to Jesus, he said he had seen me under the fig tree when Philip came for me. It could not have been with his bodily eyes, for he was a long way off. He has strange powers, but so has many a magician. I did not follow him for that. I followed because I loved him.’’

“‘Magicians are evil,’’ said Peter. “‘They work by the power of the Devil. Jesus works only by the power of God. What you tell us is nothing compared to what I have seen him do. But see, the people are coming out from the villages. The women must have told them that Jesus is here.’’

We looked, and could see that from all quarters the people seemed to be coming towards our mountain.

"I must go and tell Jesus," said Peter, starting up, and he went away up the mountain to find him.

The people were yet a long way off, and after a time Nathaniel went on speaking of Jesus.

"What his powers are I care not," he said. "What attracts me is that though he is a great prophet, he loves the simple. He puts his thoughts in such a way that men cannot help remembering them. I am a simple man myself, and sometimes he has puzzled me, but when I have thought out his meaning, I can never forget it. It belongs to me then."

Judas Iscariot suddenly turned his earnest face to Nathaniel.

"I wish he would speak more plainly," he said. "The people do not understand these stories of his."

"The people are in need," answered Nathaniel gently. "I think they do understand, and they listen because he has something to say that means life to them."

"They do not understand when he speaks of the Kingdom. I have seen it," said Judas, and he rose up and went away.

"Does he never smile?" I asked, and Nathaniel replied:

"Judas seeks somewhat. I am sorry for him. I wonder if he will ever find it."

"I have a fear of him," said John. "He does not love men."

"Perhaps he loves causes better than men," said Nathaniel, and then we were silent and spoke no more, but lay and watched the people as they flocked together in groups from the towns and villages. The shaggy, long-tailed sheep that at noontide had been feeding quietly beside us, moved further off, and when the heat of the day had past, the mountain side was covered with people, and the sheep fed peacefully on the heights.

All kinds and sorts of people had come. Dwellers in the desert, and rude-looking shepherds in sheepskin coats, mingled with learned Rabbis clad in long dark robes. Women from the fields carrying their babies on their backs, stood side by side with tradesmen from the towns, tanners, shoemakers, and needlemakers, potters, dyers, and smiths. There were ass-drivers and husbandmen, carpenters and masons, slaves and tax-gatherers. It seemed as if all the workers in the world had come together to hear the teaching of Jesus. When they saw him coming down the mountain-side, and, from the high ground above them, make ready to speak to them, there was a noise of rustling of garments and stirring of feet as they all settled down in peace to listen.

It was a still, calm evening. On the far-off mountains the blue light of dusk was already falling. Across the wide plain the children were beginning to drive the cattle home, and from the empty villages thin grey smoke rose straight into the air.

Jesus began to speak, and there fell a great silence.

"I have a new thing to tell you," he said. "I who speak to you have been sent as a Messenger to you. God has chosen me as his servant to bring you good news."

His voice was clear, and every word could be heard to the uttermost edge of the crowd.

"You all know that to our ancestors it was said that a day would come when the God of Heaven himself would set up a kingdom amongst us that would never be destroyed. The Prophets have told you how in the day of the great kings there shall come one like the Son of man, and there shall be given him dominion and glory and a kingdom. And the kingdom shall belong to the Saints of the Most High, and in it all peoples, nations, and languages shall serve and obey God for ever. For the Kingdom of Heaven is an everlasting kingdom, and the Ruler of it is the living God, who is steadfast for ever. This you have all heard, and in this hope you have lived. Is it not so?"

There was a murmur of assent, men saying one to another that all this they had heard read aloud on the Sabbath in the synagogues. Then they turned to listen again.

"The Message I have been sent to give will not be good news to the rich and the powerful. The princes

and the governors, the captains and the judges, the treasurers and the counsellors, the sheriffs and all who rule over men, will not welcome it. For God has commanded me to tell you that his Kingdom is already here; yea, though you know it not, it is now in your midst."

There was a stir in the crowd, and the people moved like a wave of the sea, as men leant forward more eagerly to hear.

"The Kingdom of Heaven does not belong to those who rule over you. God has not sent me to the great ones of the earth, but he has told me to tell the good news to the poor, to all who labor and are weary, to sinners, and to all who suffer. He has sent me to you who are in slavery, and told me to set you free. He has sent me to comfort the broken-hearted, to open the eyes of the blind, and to give joy for mourning and beauty for ashes. God's Kingdom belongs to the poor and the gentle, to those who hunger and thirst after goodness, to the clean-minded, to those who mourn, and to the peacemakers. It is to these that God speaks."

He paused for a moment. Far off on the mountain a sheep baaed to its lamb, and the voice of a herd-child calling to the cattle came from the plain below, but no other sound broke the stillness. Jesus went on speaking.

"God has commanded me that I deliver to you a new Commandment, the law of the Kingdom, Love one another. No longer, as in the days of our ancestors are men to say you must love your neighbor and hate your enemy, for the new Commandment is that you love your enemy also. For if you love only those who love you, what credit does that do you? Do not all outcasts do this? And if you are only kind to them that are kind to you, what thanks do you deserve? That is not God's way. He is kind to the thankless and the bad. Therefore, I say unto you, you must love your enemies, and show kindness to those who hate you, and if men injure you, you must not seek for revenge. Our ancestors have said, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' but I say unto you, you must not even oppose wrong to wrong. You must act to other people as you would wish them to act to you. If you have injured a man, it does not help you to be sorry for it if he hurts you back again. If you have done a wrong, it does not make you haste to repair it if men do another wrong to you. I say unto you that wrong can never be appeased by wrong. It can be swallowed up, and wiped out by kindness only. Therefore, you must be gentle to those who are cruel to you, you must be merciful, you must not show contempt, you must not judge. You must forgive and be generous. And you must never despair, but go on being kind to all men, looking for no reward. These are the laws of the Kingdom of God."

Darkness had fallen now, and the land lay dim around us. There was scarce light enough to see the face of Jesus, but his voice rose clearly out of the darkness.

"To what shall I compare the power of love? It is like yeast that a woman hides in a measure of meal, and which spreads of itself till the whole measure is leavened. It is like mustard seed, small in itself, which shoots up and becomes so high that the wild birds find cover in it. It is like a farmer who sows his seed, and then watches, first, the blade push through the ground, and then the ear, and then the grain swelling and hardening. He knows not how it grows, for the earth seems to bring forth the fruit of herself. So is the growth of love."

"When all men love one another, God's kingdom will be fully here. In that day, as our prophets have said, nation will no more rise up against nation, neither shall men learn war any more. But they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into reaping hooks, and war shall cease from amongst you. This, too, I say unto you. But you must first love one another."

He ceased. No man broke the silence. One by one the stars had begun to shine above us, and from behind the dark mountains the moon pushed her way into the high heavens.

Jesus spoke again.

"If you walk in God's paths, so long as the moon endureth, there shall be an abundance of peace, for God

himself will teach you of his ways. See the night has now come, and it is time for you to be in your homes. Go, and Peace be upon you."

There was a noise of stirring as men gathered up their garments, and still in silence prepared to go their ways. Then, above the sound of the moving multitude, a woman's voice rose high and shrill, and the people paused to listen as she cried aloud:

"Oh, Teacher, I say unto you, Blessed be the womb that bare you, and the breasts that gave you suck."

Her words died on the air, and out of the night the voice of Jesus answered, clear and courteous:

"Nay, mistress, say rather, Blessed are those who hear the word of God and do it. Go, and God be with you."

There came again that noise of the scuffling of feet and the moving of a great multitude, and the people went to their homes in the darkness.

I am old now, and near my death. It is nigh three score years since I last heard him speak, but I still hear his voice, the beautiful voice, reaching out of the darkness, "But I say unto you: Be kind and forgive. Seek no revenge, but love one another. Yea, never despairing, love even those who most bitterly wrong you."

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE GOVERNMENT'S WANING POPULARITY.

SIR.—The enclosed extract from a letter just received from a soldier at the front, who volunteered early in the war, is, from what I hear, characteristic of the opinions of many of his comrades:—

"I abhor this militarism and these ways of tyranny. I have lost all my respect and faith in Lloyd George over the Henderson affair. It appears to me as if he was in the same car with Henderson until he fancied that it was not popular, when he sacrificed Henderson. . . . He evidently had misjudged the real feelings of the majority of the Labor Party. To send that note to Henderson about the message from Russia (and what later turned out not to have come from Kerensky and were not his views) was but an unfair attempt to influence the vote of the Labor Conference. It appears as if in the smoke and dust of battle he has lost sight of the true principles of brotherhood, liberty, and common justice. I do not think that his star will be in the ascendant for long; two years' reign is the extreme limit I give."

We shall before that time have quite a different party in power. The present fighting lot are not those to conclude an honorable and lasting peace. Let us have men of the Lords Morley and Courtney type, Viscount Grey, and Henderson—men who are above personal ambition and whose disinterestedness and integrity are unimpeachable. . . ."

—Yours, &c.,

W. ALEXANDER.

### THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—Mr. Headlam's answer of last week to my letter on "The Russian War Party" raises two important questions, one of fact and the other of argument, and with these I shall try to deal. Before I come to detail, however, I have something to say on the general question. The evidence of the two Generals at the Sukhomlinoff trial may or may not bear all the weight which I have laid upon it. It does, however, at the lowest, demand a revision of the final chapter in the current British version of the outbreak of the war. It reveals the morale of this little group of men who had Russia's fate, and, eventually, our fate in their hands. The story reeks of deceit. Mr. Headlam is prepared to excuse the trio for lying to the Tear. Certainly the Tear must have been a difficult master to manage. He is silent, however, about the lie told to Britain and France. Perhaps we also were troublesome. This is for me the central point of the whole debate, and Mr. Headlam must pardon me for insisting once more upon it. There is no longer any dispute about this broad fact, that on the 29th a Decree for a Russian general mobilization was signed, that it was telegraphed to the provinces that same evening, or night, and that the 30th was the first day of general mobilization. The lie told to the Tear was that the general mobilization was cancelled, and a partial mobilization proceeded with only in the south-western districts, i.e., against Austria, but not against Germany. The same lie was told elaborately and fully to France, and briefly to our Government. The French Ambassador reported it thus on the 30th to M. Viviani (French Yellow Book No. 102):—

"M. Sazonoff, to whom I communicated your desire that every military measure that could offer Germany the pretext for general mobilization should be avoided, answered that, in the course of last night, the General Staff had suspended all measures of military precaution, so that there should be no misunderstanding."

That is exactly what did not happen. It was what the Tear ordered, an order which MM. Sazonoff, Sukhomlinoff, and Januskevitch refused to obey. The same lie, or half of it, was told to Sir George Buchanan. On the 29th he reports (White Paper No. 78): "Partial mobilization was ordered to-day. . . . The mobilization, he (M. Sazonoff) explained, would be directed *only against Austria*." This lie is a new fact. The date of the Russian general mobilization is a new fact. The breakdown of the case officially based on the "Lokalanzeiger's" special edition is a new fact. All this is surely of a certain importance. Our press, none the less, as a whole, ignores it. Not one of the correspondents in Berlin troubled to send a telegram about it. Though the Russian papers have now reached England, the "Manchester Guardian" alone borrows from them (September 22nd) an accurate version of the evidence. The German translations, as it turns out, were reliable.

Mr. Headlam refers me to his elaborate defence in the "Westminster Gazette" of the honor of General Januskevitch. This soldier's honor is, I fear, of more value to Mr. Headlam than it was to himself. After the exposure of these undeniable lies, it shows an odd sense of proportion to insist so hotly that there was one occasion on which one of the three confederates did not precisely lie. The General was instructed by M. Sazonoff to send for the German Attaché, and to give him certain assurances. In so far as he said (at 3 p.m.) that there had been no mobilization as yet, he told the verbal truth, though he had the order "in his pocket," and was just about to execute it. He "saved his alth," as the Scottish ballad says of a similar case. This may not be lying, but is it honor? What was the purpose in M. Sazonoff's mind when he told General Januskevitch to see the German Attaché? Mr. Headlam has made an ingenious guess, flattering to M. Sazonoff. There was no need to guess. Mr. Headlam has only to turn to M. Sazonoff's own words in the despatch from the French Ambassador already quoted. (French Series, No. 102):—

"Yesterday the Chief of the Russian General Staff sent for the Military Attaché of the German Embassy, and gave him his word of honor that the mobilization ordered this morning was exclusively directed against Austria."

That, then, was the object to be gained by conversing with the Attaché. The Attaché was to be induced to believe that the Russian general mobilization was in fact only partial. The same lie was told in slightly varying form to the Tear, to the German Attaché, to the French Ambassador, and to the British Ambassador.

I now come to Mr. Headlam's main point. He is always unwilling to distinguish between the Russian partial and general mobilizations. He avoids the distinction, as Freud says that the sub-conscious self always does avoid what is unpleasant. He tells me that I am wrong in supposing that the German Government drew any such distinction. My case was this: "It was frankly advertized that if Russia mobilized on the German front, Germany would mobilize too, and her mobilization was equivalent to war. Whereupon M. Sazonoff, knowingly, after many warnings, did the one thing which would certainly lead to war, and, having done it, he told his anxious and critical allies that he had not done it." Mr. Headlam replies that the *causus belli* for Germany was any Russian mobilization whatever, whether partial or general. I gave the references to support my view, but I clearly should have quoted them. On the 27th, Sir E. Goschen reported a conversation with Herr von Jagow as follows (White Paper No. 43):—

"In the course of a short conversation, Secretary of State said that as yet Austria was only partially mobilizing, but that if Russia mobilized against Germany, latter would have to follow suit. I asked him what he meant by 'mobilizing against Germany.' He said that if Russia only mobilized in south, Germany would not mobilize, but if she mobilized in north, Germany would have to do so too."

On the same day, Herr von Jagow gave the same explanation to the French Ambassador (French Book No. 67):—

"I remarked to him that Sir Edward Grey's proposal opened the way to a peaceful issue. Herr von Jagow replied that he was disposed to join in, but he remarked to me that, if Russia mobilized, Germany would be obliged to mobilize at once, that we should be forced to the same course also, and that then a conflict would be almost inevitable. I asked him if Germany would regard herself as bound to mobilize in the event of Russia mobilizing only on the Austrian frontier. He told me 'No,' and authorized me formally to communicate this limitation to you."

These passages are conclusive. Germany would have preferred that Russia did not mobilize at all, but when pressed, she drew a clear distinction. Partial mobilization would not necessarily mean war; general mobilization would certainly do so. Mr. Headlam may reply that in some of the warnings and in the final despatches this distinction is not drawn at all. After the 29th, there was no sense in drawing it. I think the explanation is that there were two parties in Berlin. The General Staff would

have let the guns go off on any pretext whatever: partial mobilization or even a suspicion was enough for it. The diplomats had fixed a more reasonable and more avoidable *casus belli*, and on this point were strong enough to control the soldiers. I will hazard a guess about that "Lokalanzeiger" episode. It was not a lie told to provoke Russia. The real fact (I suspect) was that on the morning of the 30th, the German General Staff, who now knew of the partial mobilization and suspected worse, really did order the German mobilization that morning. The diplomats, with the Chancellor and the Kaiser, stopped it. That is a guess, and I do not ask Mr. Headlam to accept it. He does, however, seem to accept my general position, that at this stage at least, the Chancellor was working hard for peace, the General Staff (and, I suppose, von Tirpitz) for war. M. Sazonoff's action settled the issue between them and united them to the undoing of us all.

Mr. Headlam's parallel between the two war-parties, though in the main I accept it, omits one vital distinction. In Germany the Chancellor belonged to the peace party; in Russia M. Sazonoff belonged to the war party, or joined it at the critical moment. Mr. Headlam points out, quite fairly, that the Chancellor gave decisive proof of moderation by forcing Austria to accept Sir E. Grey's final proposal, only after he had heard from Prince Lichnowsky that Sir E. Grey would not be neutral in the event of war. I had said this, I think, myself quite candidly. But Mr. Headlam hardly does justice to the somewhat subtle German calculation. It ran thus: "Russia is not ready and will not fight, therefore we may safely bluff and bully. If, however, England supports her, then she will fight, and war will result." It was a choice between a Russian climb-down, if England stood aside, or general war, if England backed Russia. On learning Sir E. Grey's attitude, the Chancellor sharply altered his course. In other words, he worked first for bullying with peace, and afterwards for conference with peace. Mr. Headlam may underline my admission that the Chancellor was prepared to bluff and to humiliate Russia up to any point short of war between the Great Powers. I do not shrink from this admission. It was a policy of criminal gambling, as it was a policy inconsistent with goodwill and destructive of any real harmony in Europe. I will only add that in Eastern Europe no real harmony existed or could exist. Russia was working slowly, and none too secretly, for the break-up of Austria, and the race of armaments openly reflected the ill-will on both sides. Russia was not a good neighbor. The relations of these three Powers were those of the armed peace, and were what the whole European system had made them. In creating and poisoning that system, Germany had done her full share, some may say more than her share. I insist, however, that the evidence does not support the Satanic reading of her action—that she marched without provocation and with conscious deliberation into a world-war.

"There were two war-parties in 1914. One of them has been overthrown by its own people. Let us then go on until we have overthrown the other." The reasoning of Mr. Headlam's conclusion (I am summarizing) is simple and plausible; but is it historically just? One cannot isolate the two war parties in this way. They acted and reacted on each other. It was not the German War-Party which made the war, but rather the Russian and the German war parties together, working upon each other within this evil system of economic rivalry, balanced alliances, secret diplomacy, and overgrown armaments. To overthrow the surviving war party would profit us nothing, if the system survives. If, with the full assent of Germany, we can change the system, it is unnecessary to overthrow the war party. It will have lost its medium, its laboratory, its field of work. I believe that the facts are so complex, and the case against Russia so strong, that the German people will continue to believe that it is fighting a defensive war. The importance of these revelations is that they may help us to understand that this belief, one-sided and, as a complete theory, historically untenable as it is, has its element of truth. While they hold to this belief, the Germans will not overthrow their own rulers. But they can and do see that the European system was fundamentally at fault. The Central Powers now propose for the future disarmament and arbitration. In that proposal it seems to me they have renounced their militarism, and invited us to join them in re-constructing the European system. There are many deductions to be drawn before this offer is complete. Conference and disarmament involve the undoing of the whole reign of force, from Belgium to Armenia. The principle, however, is admitted. My conclusion, which Mr. Headlam invites me to expand, is that I would now have us go on, with the aid of the Pope, to define the principle and apply it to details. Mr. Headlam fears that we should still be confronted with "a military Germany essentially identical with that of the past." The old Germany vetoed any discussion of disarmament; the Germany of to-day invites it. The old Germany said that arbitration and The Hague were "a misprint in the history of civilization"; the Germany of to-day would build the future upon it. That change is worth testing.—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Welwyn. September 24th.

SIR,—I have read with great interest Miss Edith Durham's letter in your columns of the 22nd. Anything coming from that lady is entitled to respect. I do not care to discuss the story of her interview in 1912 with a Russian official at Cettinje. Russian officials, like those of other countries—our own included—have constantly said foolish things. The essential question raised by Miss Durham appears to be: Was Russia in 1912, or even earlier, preparing for a war in which, *inter alia*, the destiny of Serbia was involved? Miss Durham seems to think she was. I could give many reasons for holding a contrary opinion. To me there is another and more important question: Was Austria in 1912 preparing to absorb or destroy Serbia? To that my answer is emphatically in the affirmative. Amid many Balkan questions which are obscure, the conduct of Austria in regard to Serbia and her action are clear. They show that from the opening of the century—that is, from the time when Germany and Austria worked together for domination in the East—Austria pursued a steady policy tending to weaken Serbia and to exercise her own influence through Austrian territory directly to the Aegean.

Let me give some illustrations. Bulgaria and Serbia, now bitter enemies, had come to recognize that their economic relationship depended upon a good understanding between them on commercial questions. The Governments of the two countries drew up a treaty of commerce between them. King Ferdinand agreed that it would be of great value to Bulgaria, but warned his Ministers that Austria would not allow it to be signed; in other words, Austria would not allow the two Slav nations in the Balkans to come to an understanding. Even at an earlier date, when the Bulgarian Army, without a prince, and with its 150 officers withdrawn, fought and defeated the Serbian Army at Slivnitz, the Austrian Government, which had looked on the invasion of Bulgaria with satisfaction or indifference, immediately threatened intervention when the Bulgarians were marching into Serbian territory. It looked as if she regarded that territory as her own special preserve.

That is a quarter of a century ago. Now take later developments of Austria. When all the European Powers, Germany and Austria included, insisted upon reforms to put an end to the chaos in Macedonia, they instituted a system of gendarmerie at the head of which was placed an Italian officer. Macedonia was mapped out into districts, and there was at once an immediate improvement in the districts under British, French, Italian, and even German officers. It was notorious that in that held by the Austrians the officers took no part in putting an end to the disorders. The opposition to reforms by Austria was at once ludicrous and tragic. It was at this time that in Constantinople I learnt professionally from trustworthy sources that Austrian agents were urging foreigners to buy land in Macedonia, insisting that in a very few years the whole country would be under Austrian rule. Even in 1908, when once more the European Powers drafted a scheme of reforms for the better government of Macedonia, Austria was the great opponent. I am convinced that our Consular reports are full of accounts of Austrian intrigues to perpetuate disorder. The Russian Consul was murdered on account of his zeal for reform. The Young Turkey party was primarily formed at Salonika to effect the reforms in that country which the mass of the inhabitants desired and which only Austria and Sultan Abdul Hamid opposed. They had arranged to make their first demonstration on September 1st, 1908, but the support given by the Austrian Consul at Ferzovich aroused such opposition among the Albanians that the Young Turks recognized that the Albanian Army collected would make an attack on the Austrian blackguards at that and neighboring towns, which would lead to the intervention of the Austrians. Niazi Bey and Enver Bey (as he then was) took to the hills of Reesa, while other deputies only succeeded in preventing an Albanian attack upon the Austrians by agreeing to precipitate the revolutionary movement. It broke out on July 21st, 1908. The revolution of that day and of the following twelve months opposed a powerful barrier to Austria's progress to Salonika. No one, however, who has known that city during the last thirty years has doubted that Austria intended that it should fall into her hands. I have recorded elsewhere a conversation which I had in this country some ten years ago with the representatives of three of the most important journals in Austro-Hungary. None of them doubted but that Austria would have a walk over to the Aegean. I suggested that the narrow road which had been left open by the Berlin Treaty was declared by the military experts to be valueless. All agreed that this was so, and added that therefore Austria had recognized for years that she must be ruler over Serbia, and then her descent to Salonika was an easy matter. I have only to add that amongst competent men in Constantinople of various nationalities, I doubt if anyone could be found who would not hold that for twenty years previous to the revolution of 1908 Austrian policy had been consciously directed to the acquisition of Southern Macedonia, including Salonika.

I know of nothing whatever which would support the statement that Russia was preparing for a war against Germany or Austria or in defence of Serbia. Low as is my estimate of

Russian diplomacy, I think that had she contemplated such a war her treatment of Bulgaria would have been far different from what it was.—Yours, &c.,

EDWIN PEARS.

The Cromlech, Druid Stoke, Bristol. September 25th.

SIR.—If the evidence at the Sukhomlinoff trial as published is true, Mr. Brailsford's contention can neither be brushed aside nor argued aside. The chief reason for continuing the war is the belief that Germany was the aggressor in 1870 and in 1914. Dr. Holland Rose, in "The Development of the European Nations," very clearly proves that in 1870 France was the aggressor. The recent disclosures in Russia, if true, undoubtedly lessen the proof that Germany was the aggressor in 1914. This is a fact bearing not only on the present position, but on the future peace of Europe.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED HICKS.

Gables Farm, Rotherfield. September 24th, 1917.

#### "THE RULE OF THE TURK."

SIR.—Your correspondent, Mr. James Malcolm, appears to have forgotten that we entered this war for the sole purpose of checking Germany's lust for conquest, and not for territorial aggrandizement.

Mr. Malcolm's statement that Armenia and Mesopotamia have never been Turkish soil is the kind of argument used against our rule in India. India has never been English soil, but we do not propose to give it up. If the Turks have "failed to colonize Armenia," their failure is entirely due to the Russian Government of the ex-Tsar, which was always intriguing in order to get the Armenians to rise in revolt against the Turks; and the Armenians have themselves continually requested the Turkish Government not to colonize in Armenia the mukadjirs, or Moslem refugees from Turkish territory captured by Christians. The Turks have not "dismally failed to colonize Armenia"; they have not desired to colonize it as a settled policy—they desired to give their mukadjirs lands there, and the Armenians objecting, this was stopped. Turkish rule is not "universally execrated and hideous," it has never been repudiated by Jews in Palestine or Arabs in Mesopotamia, and the vast majority in Armenia approve of it.

Mr. Malcolm says that "the Armenians still constitute the largest unit of population in Armenia." I may say that the 22 per cent. of Christians in Armenia is the estimate of the French Government previous to the war (see French Yellow Book on Armenian affairs, 1893-1897). Muslim Kurds and Turks together form a huge majority over all the Christians in Armenia. The chief race is the Kurds. In conclusion, may I tell Mr. Malcolm that the Socialists are not "distinctly of opinion that after the war Armenia must not remain under Turkish rule"?—Yours, &c.,

D. FOX-PITT.

25, Russell Square, Brighton. September 25th, 1917.

#### MILTON AND MARRIAGE.

SIR.—Referring to Mr. Visink's letter, Milton's pamphlet on "Divorce" is a masterpiece of style and thought. He denounced more eloquently than anyone the degradation of making adultery a more important fact than essential incompatibility. But Milton certainly did not share the modern idea of the wife not being the property of the husband. Your article, "Man and Wife," does not mention that a great deal happened before the appointment of the Royal Commission in 1909, nor that the Majority Report would have been much less illogical and amorphous if the signatories had had the courage to accept the principle of divorce by consent as Milton did. That principle, tempered by a time limit of preliminary separation, represents the real rights of human beings before their rights were attacked by a Church which denied human beings any title to settle their own affairs without paying vast sums of money to that Church for permission to do so. The rich could annul their marriages; but the poor had to put up with the mortal sin of fornication, which could only be absolved from time to time. That is the real issue of the problem, i.e., human liberty.—Yours, &c.,

E. S. P. HAYNES.

The Atheneum, Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

September 22nd, 1917.

#### THE FOREIGN POLICY OF GLADSTONE.

SIR.—"H. W. M.'s" illuminating review of Sir C. Dilke's "Life" will recall vividly to many of the older generation the bright hopes and swift disappointments associated with the Gladstone Government of 1880-85. The dramatic defeat of Lord Beaconsfield in the former year, following the Midlothian campaign, appeared to have finally disposed of the new Imperialism, fostered so sedulously by London newspapers and London Society, and to have inaugurated an era of domestic reform

based frankly on the interests of the whole people, and not on those of the privileged classes. I remember how at that election the main street of a small provincial town was dominated by a banner with the legend in huge letters, "Peace, Progress, Prosperity," aptly indicating the ideals which fired the enthusiasm of the hundreds of volunteer canvassers whose like I have never seen.

Alas for those ardent hopes! Egypt, Ireland, and (later) South Africa mark points where the wrong road was taken, and the great tragedy of it all was not so much the inevitable conflict between the representatives of the old Toryism and the new Radicalism as that in each one of these three crises one or both of the great Radical Twin Brethren approximated more closely to the Tory Imperialistic policy than did the Liberal Premier, and these false steps certainly postponed for more than a generation the Radical programme they desired. A pathetic interest attaches now to an article in Gladstone's "Gleanings"—"Aggression in Egypt and Freedom in the East" (1877), in which he warned his fellow-countrymen against the dangers of an occupation of Egypt, already advocated by the Imperialists, and which we can see now was the *foe et origo* of many troubles. Opinions may differ as to the probable result of a frank adoption from that time of a foreign policy and an Irish policy inspired by Mr. Gladstone. It might have turned aside the stream of tendency making for this world war—it would certainly have deprived the military party in Germany of a plausible justification for aggressive expansion based on England's example, and a plausible expectation of victory based on her difficulties at home.

Mr. Henderson wrote the other day that Christianity and brotherhood have not failed in the world because they have not yet been properly tried. The same may be said of the foreign policy of Gladstone and Bright, which was emphatically endorsed at the General Election of 1880 by the great majority of the British people.—Yours, &c.,

W. S. ROWNTREE.

Endcliffe, Granville-Road, Scarborough.

September 22nd, 1917.

#### THE SUGAR REGISTRATION CARDS.

SIR.—To-day I, in common with most of the people in this town, received with our morning post the official "Application for Sugar Registration Card," and, in common also with several of my friends, I am wondering why, in applying for sugar, it is so necessary to be particular as to your occupation. I am not to say "Railway Employee," but "Booking-office Clerk," &c. Is it because the one is to be given more or less because of one's occupation, or is it really a hidden form of census carried out by our "Government" with a view of some new instalment of conscription?—Yours, &c.,

WILFRID L. EVERSHED.

8, Madrid Road, Guildford. September 11th, 1917.

#### Poetry.

##### OTTERBURN.

The lad who went to Flanders—  
Otterburn, Otterburn!  
The lad who went to Flanders,  
And never will return.

Though low he lies in Flanders  
Beneath the Flemish mud,  
He hears through all his dreaming  
The Otterburn in flood.

And though there be in Flanders  
No clear and singing streams,  
The Otterburn runs singing  
Of Summer through his dreams.

And when peace comes to Flanders,  
Because it comes too late,  
He'll still lie there and listen  
To the Otterburn in spate.

The lad who went to Flanders—  
Otterburn, Otterburn!  
The lad who went to Flanders  
And never will return.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Turkish Empire in Growth and Decay." By Lord Eversley. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "The Tenth Muse." By Edward Thomas. (Secker. 2s. 6d.)
- "The New Catholicism and Other Sermons." By Rev. W. E. Orchard, D.D. (Allen & Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Future of the Southern Slaves." By A. H. E. Taylor. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Freedom." By Gilbert Cannan. (Headley. 2s. net.)
- "Summer." By Edith Wharton. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

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SINCE the days when the movement for Women's Suffrage was militant, there has been a notable increase in the number of books written or composed in prison, and the stream is still being swelled by contributions from Conscientious Objectors and imprisoned Sinn Feiners. People who collect books for the sake of collecting—I find there are more of them than one would fancy—have here a guide for their activities. A library of "prison books" could be collected without difficulty. The scope of the collection is so restricted that buyers of moderate means need not despair of making it fairly complete, while the wealthy would find opportunities for spending their gold on early editions and "association" copies. Bunyan is, of course, the writer who first presents himself to one's mind in thinking of a list of prison authors. J. R. Green has observed that Bunyan "found compensation for the narrow bounds of his prison in the wonderful activity of his pen. Tracts, controversial treatises, poems, meditations, his 'Grace Abounding,' and his 'Holy War,' followed each other in quick succession." When we add to these "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman," we have a respectable nucleus for our collection of prison books. Unfortunately, the average buyer will have to content himself with later editions, for early Bunyans ascend into regions to which an ordinary purse can never mount.

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Two other famous prison books are "Don Quixote" and the "De Consolatione Philosophiae." Of the prison provenance of the former I am inclined to say what Dr. Johnson is reported to have said of the immortality of the soul: "There is evidence, but we should like more." At all events, the tradition is that Cervantes planned "Don Quixote" when thrown into prison for debt at Seville, and that he began to write it in another prison at La Mancha. Here, again, a first edition is out of the question, but an early copy of Thomas Shelton's first English translation might be the reward of diligent research. Boethius wrote the "De Consolatione Philosophiae" while a prisoner at Pavia, under sentence of death. In this case, the first English translation is one of the great prizes of book collectors. Like all such books, it has sometimes turned up under remarkable conditions. Blades, the famous book-lover and bibliographer, was once examining a number of volumes in the library of St. Albans Grammar School, and pulled out one book which was lying flat upon the top of others. This is how he relates his find:—

"It was in a most deplorable state, covered thickly with a damp, sticky dust, and with a considerable portion of the back rotted away. The white decay fell in lumps on the floor as the unappreciated volume was opened. It proved to be Geoffrey Chaucer's translation of 'Boecius de Consolatione Philosophiae,' printed by Caxton, in the original binding as issued from Caxton's workshop, and uncut!"

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No small section of our collection will be occupied by the prison poets. One of them, James Montgomery, wrote a poem on the unusual subject of the "Pleasures of Imprisonment." James Montgomery, whose offence consisted in commenting upon the conduct of a magistrate in quelling a riot at Sheffield in 1795, is not to be confused with Robert Montgomery, the subject of Macaulay's attack. The only link between them is that both wrote poetry, and, for doing so, both were held up to reprobation in the "Edinburgh Review." Other prison poets were the Earl of Surrey, who gave us the first example of English blank verse; Robert Southwell, the Jesuit martyr; the Puritan, George Wither;

the Cavalier, Richard Lovelace; and the Chartist, Thomas Cooper. Pope, in the "Dunciad," described Wither as sleeping amid the dull of ancient days, safe where no critics damn; but an essay by Charles Lamb rescued Wither from oblivion. "The prison notes of Wither," says Lamb, "are finer than the wood notes of most of his brethren," and his voluminous works are a mine in which anthologists find treasure. Lovelace prepared his volume of poems, called "Lucasta," for the press while in prison. It contains the famous verses "To Althea," with the appropriate opening of the concluding stanza:—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage."

Cooper, who wrote "The Purgatory of Suicides" in prison, seems to suffer to-day an undeserved neglect. He is not even mentioned among "the lesser poets" in "The Cambridge History of English Literature," though some of his works are entered in the bibliography.

\* \* \*

FOR one prison author, who seems to have been a reprobate, I confess to a certain feeling of *tendresse*. "The unfortunate Dr. Dodd" was an author and a divine, but, I am afraid, he did little to adorn either profession. I fancy that Thackeray was indebted to him for many of the characteristics of the Rev. Charles Honeyman. As a popular preacher in the days of George III., Dr. Dodd was simply "it." Horace Walpole went to hear him at the Magdalen Hospital, and thus describes the performance:—

"As soon as we entered the chapel the organ played, and the Magdalens sung a hymn in parts. You cannot imagine how well. The chapel was dressed with orange and myrtle, and there wanted nothing but a little incense to drive away the devil, or to invite him. Prayers then began; Psalms and a sermon; the latter by a young clergyman, one Dodd, who contributed to the Popish idea one had imbibed, by haranguing entirely in the French style, and very eloquently and touchingly. He apostrophized the lost sheep, who sobbed and cried from their souls: so did my Lady Hertford and Fanny Pelham; till, I believe, the city dames took them for Jane Shores."

As for the business of Lord Chesterfield's signature, it was bad, but it ought not to have been a hanging matter. Johnson did what he could to save Dodd from being hanged, and he wrote the sermon which Dodd preached to his fellow-prisoners while under sentence at Newgate. But though Johnson tried to save Dodd, he did not "wish to see him made a saint." Of the sincerity of the "Prison Thoughts"—a poor collection of verse composed by Dodd in Newgate—he remarked: "A man who has been canting all his life may cant to the last."

\* \* \*

LEIGH HUNT belongs to the list of prison authors. His poem, "The Descent of Liberty," and part of "The Story of Rimini" were written while he was serving a sentence for having described the Prince Regent, in an article in the "Examiner," as "a corpulent man of fifty." Judging from Hunt's "Autobiography," his imprisonment in Horsemonger Lane Gaol was as far removed from real hardship as his offence was from a real libel:—

"I papered the walls with a trellis of roses," he tells us; "I had the ceiling colored with clouds and sky; the barred windows I screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up with their busts, and flowers and a pianoforte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. . . . Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room, except in a fairy tale."

In these surroundings, and with visits from Byron, Moore, Hazlitt, Cowden Clarke, the Lambs, Bentham, and other friends, Leigh Hunt was able to live a life of literary and comfortable leisure.

\* \* \*

AMONG the prison books which the collector, "to middle fortune born," need not despair of securing in their best editions are Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," William Penn's "No Cross, no Crown," John Mitchel's "Jail Journal," and Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol" and "De Profundis." Perhaps I ought not to hold out hopes of an early edition of Penn's book. Meanwhile, I live in hopes that some day a prisoner will, while in prison, write a book about prison books.

PENGUIN.

## Reviews.

## MR. CONRAD'S WORLD.

"*Lord Jim: A Romance.*" By JOSEPH CONRAD. (Dent. 5s. net.)

"*Youth, and Other Stories.*" By JOSEPH CONRAD. (Dent. 5s. net.)

THE tie that binds a reader to an author is sometimes bound up with the feeling that no other reader can be so well fitted to appreciate that author. One's own temperament, or one's own circumstances, it seems, have produced a rare, if not unique, sensibility to this author's art. The present writer is specially tempted to fall into this delusion over the works of Joseph Conrad, now appearing in reissues which indicate to how wide an audience they really appeal. When I consider that Mr. Conrad's readers have chiefly known the sea from the esplanade of a summer's holiday resort, that even if by a rare chance they have gone round the world, it has almost certainly been by steam—a method of progression which, as Mr. Conrad has so well pointed out, can reveal little or nothing of ships, or of the life of sailors, or even of the genius of the sea—I realize that these people inevitably lack that concealed reservoir of emotional experience in his reader on which the artist must draw for his most profoundly intimate appeals. So that reader regards himself as elect, who on both sides of his family is of the sea, the son and the grandson of sailors, whose forefathers have once and again sailed from port never to be heard of again, and, when they were not sailors, found consolation as shipbuilders, or spent their lives in the warehouses of those mysteriously attractive docks of the Thames, where all the wines of Europe are arrayed in long avenues of casks, and all the spices of the East stored in legendary profusion. And if he can also recall that as a child, and many a time later, he wandered round that Circular Quay at Sydney which seems to lie at the heart of Mr. Conrad's world; that he has, again and again, sailed, but never steamed, round the Cape and the Horn, once at least on the ship's articles, and even as a child of six, with a fellow-navigator of much the same age, explored in a dinghy the rocks round the Chincha Islands for starfish, he feels that in Mr. Conrad's art he has reached a long-sought shrine, which all men now behold but few can enter. A veil of mist may intervene between that remote life and the totally different life of the present; but to enter Conrad's novels is as when Pythagoras entered the temple at Argos, and recognized on its walls, with what mysterious stirring of the soul, the shield that had been his own in a previous existence.

It is a shrine which was erected late in the history of art, so late that in a few years more it could not have been erected at all, for the life it commemorated would have been forgotten. The Englishman, regarded comprehensively and afar, is an essential sailor. However lacking the inhabitants of these islands may be in any fine artist's insight into the sea and the ship and sailors, they are all the descendants of sailors. Each successive people that, from prehistoric days onwards, invaded and conquered England, came as sailors, facing all the dangers of an unknown coast and its hostile population. The sea has been in our blood throughout. Our most beloved heroes, from Drake to Nelson, have been sailors. But the English are not essential artists. The English sailors who wrote the records gathered together in Hakluyt's "Voyages," that *Odyssey* of the English people, produced some inspiring and occasionally picturesque narratives of epic achievement, but not one of them ever developed into an artist. In later days Trelawney, in his "Adventures of a Younger Son," appears as a kind of forerunner of Mr. Conrad, and even the distinction that his admirable book is not a narrative of fiction based on fact, but a narrative of fact partly based, we are inclined to suspect, on fiction, heightens the resemblance; but Trelawney was a Cornishman, not a typical representative Englishman. The English poets, from Shakespeare to Swinburne, have not greatly mended matters. Shakespeare, near the close of his life, after reading the history of Magellan's voyage to the Pacific, the greatest achievement in the history of navigation, and seizing with delight on the name he found there of the Patagonian god Setebos, produced, in the

"Tempest," a good make-believe sketch of the sailor's life; but it was only make-believe; and the sea which Swinburne turned into rhythmic rhapsody was, at best, the swimmer's sea. There was, indeed, outside England, Herman Melville, a fine prose poet, who was happily romantic on sea as on land, although, at sea especially, he too often fell into fantastic extravagance. Even after Melville, Whitman, who had himself once cherished the idea of going to sea in order to understand ships, could declare, shortly before his death: "A ship in full sail is the grandest sight in the world, and it has never yet been put into a poem. The man who does it will achieve a wonderful work." One is inclined to sum up the total results of English literature here in the statement put forward in an attempt at verse by Mr. Masefield's impotent "Dauber":—

"It's not been done, the sea, not yet been done,  
From the inside, by one who really knows;  
I'd give up all if I could be the one."

I see it all, I cannot put it down."

After a thousand years and more the man arrived who can "put it down." He arrived, we see, late, even at the latest possible moment, when the word "sailor" was already becoming merely metaphorical, and when the ship, which had slowly developed from the hollowed log to a miracle of exquisite beauty, was giving place to a totally different machine, worked on other principles, and even constructed of other materials. Moreover, when he arrived he was not, after all, English, penetrating and sympathetic as was the insight with which he placed himself at the heart of the English sailor, even the most typical and peculiarly English sailor. He was not only not an English sailor, he was not of a race of sailors, belonging to an agricultural land which no longer so much as possesses a seaboard and rarely sends its sons to sea. Mr. Conrad thus comes before us as a fascinating "variation" which suddenly reverts to type. After twenty years on the sea, from some motive which he cannot himself explain—"a completely masked and unaccountable phenomenon," he calls it—he begins to write, he abandons the sea, he follows the lure of literature which had haunted his father. But the born artist who thus reached his art after so many years, at the end of this immense circuit of half-a-million miles, has garnered up in his art a wealth of beauty for ever unattainable without such apprenticeship.

Mr. Conrad has been made a great artist by the sea, and the environment of the English sailor's life. But his temperament has not ceased to be the Pole's—imaginative, high-strung, excitable. It is, indeed, in the electric flashing of this clash between original temperament and the environment of the English sailor's life that Mr. Conrad has become the great artist he is. The English sailor is unable to arrive at art by the very harmony between his lack of inborn disposition and the sedative routine, the monotonous order, of the sailor's life. The variegated panorama of the world makes as little impression on him as the vision of endless cities on the ever-moving commercial traveller. The marvels of half the earth are stored up in the subconscious brain of the man who has spent his life at sea, but on his conscious brain they arouse little curiosity and leave but little memory. They have flashed before his eyes with a faint amusement, the unrolling of a cinematographic film in which he had no personal concern. If he experiences any touch of vivid interest outside his profession, it is not on the margin of strange lands, but when he is at his post at sea, and is perhaps moved to set down in the log-book the unique experience of seeing a swarm of butterflies settle on the rigging in mid-Atlantic. For the most part, it must be realized, the expected and the unexpected are as one to the sailor. He must be equally prepared for both (a "Jack-of-all-trades"), and the rarest emergency is met calmly, with scarce a comment, only the swift command and the swift response—"Ay, ay, sir!" It is a fine and symbolic touch in "Typhoon" when Captain MacWhirr gives his instructions to the steward about the matches: "A box, and just there, see? Not so very full . . . . where I can put my hand on it, steward. Might want a light in a hurry. Can't tell on board ship what you might want in a hurry." That is a large part of the sailor's art, to have everything at hand, quickly ready for use in emergency, even the things he may not need once on the voyage, even the things he may not need once in his whole career, like the well-kept revolver over the captain's berth, within easy reach of his

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hand, but never used save once, perhaps, to intimidate an insubordinate seaman, while the boatswain cheerfully exhorted: "Just wing him, sir!" In my own childhood's memories there were even two guns mounted on the main-deck—one to starboard and one to port—as though ships' husbands in those remote days dimly foresaw hostile submarines.

Mr. Conrad has soaked himself in this alien element, so that it has become a second nature to him; its traditions have become his traditions; he has submitted himself whole-heartedly to its simple moral rule and its instinct of fidelity as the core of life. Yet beneath the exquisitely sensitive receptivity which has made this possible, he has preserved that foundation of aboriginal individuality without which indeed no man can become a fine artist. Thus, throughout, he has been able at once both to live that life and to see it from the outside as an artist, attaining a conception of the world, so he puts it (and in a form which recalls the philosophy of Jules de Gaultier, with which he may well be unacquainted), as "purely spectacular." As he looks back at the vivid spectacle, scenes and figures crowd back to him in profusion, always delicately and truly seen, yet in sudden and vivid flashes, as by lightning.

This quality of vision is of the essence of Mr. Conrad's genius. It enables him to present men and things, purged of their accidentals, beneath an intense light which reveals their clearest outline and their inmost reality, with a truth that is one with imagination and results in beauty—for, as he himself says, he has "never sought in the written word anything else but a form of the Beautiful." This quality is associated, deeply and intimately, with a gift—seeming so easy as to be instinctive—for felicitous metaphor and simile. The young moon, low in the western evening sky, we are told, passingly, in "Lord Jim," was "like a slender shaving thrown up from a bar of gold." No prose novelist indeed has more filled his work with admirable metaphor. There is a poet latent within this artist. The imagery in its marvellous felicity is not the fantastic and distorting caricature in which Dickens was so expert on land and Herman Melville at sea. It is the revelation of the thing, precisely and clearly seen. The imagery of all other writers of the sea seems extravagant or clumsy beside this.

We see this same quality of vision in the peculiar method of Mr. Conrad's narrative construction. He begins at the middle. It is as though the story were presented to him as one whole in a sudden flash of lightning, which cleaves it to the core at the outset. From that centre we have gradually to be brought to the surface, from which, normally, we should have begun. Hence the need for this, in a double sense, oblique narration. The sensation of excitement is produced, not by stating the mystery and then slowly evolving its solution, but by presenting the solution first, and then building up the mystery. It is not a method we are called upon to find fault with; it is too deeply based in the author's mode of perception. Even in the fragmentary chapters of his "Reminiscences" he begins in the middle of his life, and works back towards the beginning. It has become an instinctive habit of his mind.

This oblique method of narration—oblique not only through the frequent intervention of Mr. Conrad's *alter ego*, Captain Marlow, but by the line of its direction—may well be a method that comes easily to a sailor; for the sailor, in the perpetual adjustment of his aim to the wind's aim, is familiar with the method of progression by slanting awry towards the goal he desires to reach. In the novel, as Mr. Conrad has shown, it lends itself to a shimmeringly brilliant effect of prolonged sensation. Now the sea fails to lend itself easily to sensationalism. Its beautiful or awful experiences arise and dissolve on a level of placid routine. Mr. Conrad's special quality of vision, his method of narrative, and, perhaps still more profoundly, some obscure ancestral quality of temperament, combine to make him, beside the artist of the sea, a novelist of sensation, of exciting quests, of spiritual adventures, even of lurid situations. In this aspect he has no necessary connection with the sea, and indeed tends to drift away from the sea altogether, as we see notably in "Under Western Eyes." A considerable proportion of Mr. Conrad's books belong to this class. It is in this field that he has become a professional man of letters, and so acquired a large measure of his reputation. The success is all the more legitimate since, however much Mr. Conrad may

be applying lessons learnt on the sea, we recognize that here he enters a peculiar field of psychological sensationalism which the widespread Slav genius has made its own. That consideration, indeed, indicates that there is here a limit set to success. In this kingdom Dostoevsky rules, and "what can the man do that cometh after the King?"

However brilliant in vision and accomplished in skill he may elsewhere be, it still remains true that the sea is Mr. Conrad's world. Here he is himself a king of undisputed sway. His own vision, his own experience, his own insight, here control a medium of expression which they possess unique power to mould to the ends of art. A very few simple ideas rule in this sailor's world of his ship, as Mr. Conrad has himself remarked, notably the idea of Fidelity. That is the sailor's deep and silent creed, but it is enough for his duty and enough for Mr. Conrad's art. Herein is the tragedy of "Lord Jim." On the other side is the figure, not in externals typical, of Captain MacWhirr. His is a figure, indeed, in which we see Fidelity reduced to its lowest and simplest terms, so that he seems rather a fool even to his own mate, yet a figure of an overwhelming magnificence, which places "Typhoon" among the summits of literature. These novels, stories, sketches of the sea, may not bulk large, not even, to-day, in their author's own work. But in the end it is not bulk that counts. The little episode of the derelict in "The Mirror of the Sea" would alone suffice to stamp for ever Mr. Conrad's quality, even if nothing else of his work survived. Fidelity is not only the basis of the sailor's life, as Mr. Conrad sees it, but also the basis of the artist's life, as Mr. Conrad lives it. "Fiction," he remarks, "is but Truth dragged out of a well and clothed in the painted robe of imaged phrases." In his own case, at all events, nothing is so sure as the exact fidelity to truth of these "imaged phrases." This delicate and, as it seems, almost unconsciously easy precision renders the actual facts. So it is that this great master of ships and the sea and the seaman possesses the unique power of evoking from the remote past the images of these things in the mind of the man who has ever lived the life he describes—the sights, the sounds, the odours, the very aspect of the men who move among them. So it is also that he possesses the power of creating these things afresh in the mind of the man who has never known them. That is why we can scarcely be too thankful that a miraculous chance has enabled an artist, with so sensitive an eye and so firm a hand, to record at the last moment the vision of a beautiful and wonderful world which already belongs to the past, and will soon fall from living memory.

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was not a theorist. He had an early affection for John Mill, and when he renewed his studies in practical economics, it was to the later Mill of a tentative Socialism that he turned rather than to the earlier individualist. But he learned his industrial politics by personal contact with the labor leaders, and sharpened his knowledge by grinding toil at cases and Blue Books. He never laid down a programme, though he came near the method of Fabianism. He simply proposed to interest the House of Commons in labor. Mr. Sidney Webb said, with truth, that for years he was the only Member who really understood the principles of factory legislation. Detail was of their essence, and detail he loved, though it must be confessed that he sometimes failed to illuminate it. The cynic may say that he took the only line that was open to him, and because it was open to him. That is to debase an act of devotion. Morally, Dilke's second half of life was a great achievement. He stepped from the false great world to the true great world, and in it, sustained by his natural high spirits, his enjoyment of the color and fun of life, he found unaffected happiness. The pair lived to promote three great reforms—the legal restriction of the hours of labor, the establishment of Trade Boards and of the principle of the minimum wage, and the advance of two allied causes: woman's trade unionism and the State supervision of dangerous trades. Dilke confessed that he would have liked a second period of office. There were hopes of the Ministry of War in the "C.-B." Administration. But "C.-B." was not friendly, he resented Dilke's vote on the supply of cordite, which ended the Rosebery Government, and in temperament and outlook the two men were leagues apart. Perhaps things were better as they were. Dilke added "Laborism" to his early Republicanism and the slightly Imperialist Radicalism of his middle period. The historian may remember that (if Parliament survives) he thus opened the road to industrial democracy acting through Parliament. There was a pleasant social side to this service. The Dilkes loved entertainment, and made many a hard worker in trade unionism enjoy it through them. Fencing, sculling, riding, gardening, and tree-culture were their amusements; Parliament, the English and French worlds of "advanced" politics, literature, and art, rather than of "society," furnished them with a sufficient medium. Considering the little hard task-work done in governing England, the Dilke household furnished a model of cultivated activity. In breadth and ardor of pursuit, its life savored more of the nineteenth than of the twentieth century, and more of the eighteenth than either.

The work of re-conquest was, indeed, as I have said, denied it. Dilke, and with him Chamberlain, had lost their great instrument. Though not an ardent Home Ruler, he had with wisdom voted for the second reading of the Home Rule Bill, and the correspondence with Chamberlain shows that he tried hard to induce his friend to follow his example. But Chamberlain could not stoop to conquer. The G.O.M. had become his bogey, and the desertion of the Radicals roused him to fury. He never tried to come back, admitted to Sir Charles that the Round Table negotiations were a farce, and dropped the old comradeship-in-arms. One divines some personal alienation which gave pain to both men, and yet was discreditable to neither. Dilke accurately foresaw Chamberlain's capture by the Whigs, and final decline to Toryism.

There he would not follow. Long after the severance, Chamberlain half-chaffingly besought him that if he must be a Home Ruler he should at least be "a little of a Jingo"; and this on matters of defence he was. But it was selective Jingoism. At one time he wanted a much larger Army, until, under Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's influence, he reverted to the Blue-water School. Europe, he considered, was given over to the "reign of force," and Britain must arm with the rest. Though not for splendid isolation, he was a modest interventionist, hating the policy of a Russian alliance and rejecting that of the encirclement of Germany. But he rather violently opposed the cession of Heligoland, and quoted with emphasis Bismarck's confession to him (in 1889) that though he (Bismarck) meant peace, he feared "Prussian action after his death." It was unfortunate that Dilke's essentially European mind could not have been used at least to explore the underground workings of European diplomacy through which we for twenty years groped almost in the dark. Greatness of

intellect may be denied him by those who lay stress on his lack of intuition, of simple spiritual decision, and who point to a certain hedging quality of mind which they attributed either to lack of courage or of simplicity and directness of mental vision. He knew almost too much; his mind did not easily run to generalization; a critic might say of him that he was apt to lose his way in the mass of mental objects. To this it may be answered that Dilke was no doubt a complex man; but that the modern world is a very complex thing, which does not readily yield its secret to the simple and the sentimental. The tragic part of his career was that he missed the opportunity to put his great accomplishment at the world's service in the years when experience had brought it to fruit. He had to work in the background, training many young men for Parliament and social work, and unselfishly fathering and mothering them till they had learned to run alone. Could he have done more? Could the stage have been re-lighted to reveal this striking figure once more in the centre? Could he ever have led a Radical-Labor Party and made it the power in the State? All men's lives end in a question; his more than most. But even if it be judged that he erred or fell short, it must be held, too, that he most nobly strove.

H. W. M.

#### SHAKESPEARE'S TEXT—THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

"Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates and the Problems of the Transmission of his Text." By ALFRED W. POLLARD. (De La More Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is one of the paradoxes of Shakespearean criticism that had he not been so mighty a genius, we might very well have known more of him. But the experts and the pseudo-experts have seen to that, and their devotion has, to some extent, availed the object of it so overpoweringly as to have killed him by kindness. It is partly this, partly the sounder methods and principles of modern editors, and partly the hullabaloo of the Baconians, which have induced students of intelligence to pin their confidence in nine cases out of ten not upon scientific but literary tests. An excellent example of this is afforded by the wonderful interpolation to a later edition of Kyd's "The Spanish Tragedy." Research, for reasons the details of which lack of space forbids, attributes the passage to Ben Jonson. To a literary eye, the thing is simply ludicrous. Give it to anybody, even to a dramatist who was already dead or not yet born, but not to Ben Jonson, who, in the enormous range of his published work, never wrote a line even approximately like it. In nine cases out of ten, we said—but not in the tenth. Mr. Pollard, the bibliographer, is that tenth.

There is, indeed, something piquantly chastening to literary vanity in the fact that a bibliographer, a creature who, as this same bibliographer puts it in his clear, pointed and well-flavored English, is concerned only with pieces of paper handled between one person or set of persons and another, should, in the course of four lectures covering a trifle over one hundred pages of large type, tumble over practically all the monarchs of Shakespearean textual criticism from Rowe's edition to the Cambridge Shakespeare. But he does, and by means of such patient analysis and exact investigation that the weapon of refutation is knocked out of the hands even of that conjecture which he eschews. But let us see how.

The first of Mr. Pollard's papers ("The Regulations of the Book Trade in the Sixteenth Century") is occupied in exhibiting precisely what kind of a moated, portcullised, stone-walled fortress confronted those pirates who, *pace* the accepted opinion, kidnapped Shakespeare bodily from it. The history of printing, indeed, from the death of Caxton to the Elizabethans is largely that of the gradual extension of Government control over the book-trade. The ominous "cum privilegio regali" was established at the bottom of the title-page or its preceding leaf, in England by Pynson's time and abroad in the period of Froben's beautiful edition of Erasmus's Greek Testament. We say ominous from our point of view, which has nothing to do with Mr. Pollard's argument. "Cum privilegio" implies "Cum prohibitione," and what we have lost by the prompt suppression of the

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► See THE ENGLISH REVIEW (October)  
*containing republication of the article on*

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sedition and heretical book—if we are compensated, by comparison, in what we are losing to-day—is a sour thought. But Mr. Pollard's point is that the long series of proclamations and injunctions, directing that no books were to be published without consultation and examination by members of the Privy Council, from 1538 to Mary's Charter to the Stationers' Company and onwards, right through the Renaissance—did, in the first place, create the conditions of a loose and informal copyright, and, in the second, gave very little opportunity, except by occasional depredation, to the pirate. Selected printers were granted the monopoly of certain classes of books; the licensed patentees were protected both by the Company and the Crown; the secret presses were hunted down; printing practically confined to London; the number of apprentices and presses limited, and a body of official licensers appointed. Quite apart from the obvious encroachments upon liberty of thought which these regulations were designed to effect, how did they react upon authorship and the publishing business? Curiously enough, beneficially on the whole. The system of patronage, which indirectly encouraged piracy by degrading the status of authors and lowering their market-price, had now an alternative. Payment of authors (and, incidentally, we may add, the standardization of prices) became a definite trade custom by the close of the sixteenth century. Here indeed, though he does not mention it, Mr. Pollard puts his finger upon one modern error. The anarchy of Grub Street (we are speaking here of the Caroline and eighteenth-century periods, when the Elizabethan printing conditions were only more highly developed) is not only a fiction, but it is an extravagant one. We marvel and we exclaim when we read that Milton only received £10 for "Paradise Lost." We forget that had he been living to-day he would probably have had to pay £30 or even £40 to see it in print. And, in spite of the castigations of the bookseller in the eighteenth-century novel, who is there who does not read with amazement the editorial notes to Boswell's Johnson, wherein are set down the enormous prices paid to amateur translators, whose fame has not been perpetuated, for renderings of the classics which nobody reads or ought to read? Thanks to Mr. Pollard, then, we may declare without any manner of hypothesis that the pretty close organization of the Elizabethan book-trade left, to all intents and purposes, only two loopholes for the pirate. He might indeed, and did, appropriate the works of dead authors and those of men of rank and fashion, who, according to the convention of the day, circulated their writings among their friends in manuscript. Nor is the case here without extenuating circumstances, for a friend of the author's might feel he had a duty to posterity, and a work might be published surreptitiously (Barnabe Googe is an example)—with the author's connivance.

But if the pirate had such narrow seas to cruise in for the spoil of non-dramatic literature, his opportunities for the plunder of plays were still more straitened. It was the rule for the playwright to sell his play to the company of players, who forthwith assumed the rights of authorship. The pirate therefore had to reckon not so much with an individual as with a licensed company, not so much with a company as with the official protection of the Privy Council. The Stationers' Company was prevented from exercising its very lukewarm sympathy for the Puritan and business interests of the City of London (always bitterly hostile to the players—which accounts a good deal, by the way, for the tone of royal orthodoxy paramount in the Elizabethan drama) by a natural dislike of the unprivileged and dispossessed pirate and a wholesome fear of getting into hot water with the Government. The pirate, in short, could only board, by hazard, by some accident such as a temporary estrangement between the Court and the players, or by relying upon the players not to trouble to appeal to the Privy Council when the piracies were kept within reasonable bounds.

On what evidence, then, do the editors of Shakespeare base their assumption that all the quartos are "stolen and surreptitious" copies, that they are mutilated texts illegally obtained by publishing freebooters? The really extraordinary thing is that there is no evidence whatever for it. The theory of the wholesale piracies of Shakespeare's plays is a gorgeous palace, shall we say, a gloomy dungeon raised in the Cloud-Cuckoo-Land of the editors'

imaginations. The famous passage in Heminge and Condell's preface to the First Folio of 1623 has been so amplified and perverted by even the soberest textual commentators that the hallucination of the Elizabethan Paternoster Row as being a nest of brigands has never been properly challenged. Let us pursue the intricacies of Mr. Pollard's fascinating inquiry and see why. First of all, he examines the entries in the Stationers' Register, and finds that at different times and for various reasons reflecting on the prosperity of the players, a large number of plays were entered for publication. It is patent that loot in such quantity is out of the question. Many of these plays, moreover, were entered without being published, and Mr. Pollard happily suggests that this was a precautionary measure by the players to safeguard the copyright of their property. The piracies from Shakespeare, in fact ("Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "Henry I.," "The Merry Wives," and "Pericles" which is not included in the First Folio, were unquestionably pirated), only apply to those plays "of which the quartos have bad texts and the Folios good one"—to all those, in fact, not entered at Stationers' Hall. The players sold their plays when they could not act them; sold more of them when they were attacked by a pirate, or placed them on the Register for protection against further aggression.

We may well wonder, then, where the Shakespearean editors get all their pirates from. The answer is—*via* the scrivener; and the riposte to that, that Mr. Pollard abolishes the scrivener. It is upon this hypothesis, upon the multiplication, in Dr. Johnson's words, "of transcript after transcript," that the quarto texts are postulated as garbled and unreliable, and that the emendators and improvers have been given their head. The editor dislikes something in his text; he "improves" it—it is the blunder of a copyist who sold the play to a pirate. Let us look ahead a little, and, before disposing of the scrivener, see exactly how Mr. Pollard rearranges the pilgrimage of Shakespeare's manuscript. Shakespeare writes his play and sends it to the licenser for his permit. It is then delivered at the playhouse. The prompter takes it and inserts stage directions. Later, the players sell it to the printer, and the text is set up in type from the identical autograph manuscript that had started from the Tabard Inn of Shakespeare's first invention. Mr. Pollard does not dogmatize upon this—he merely advances it as a proposition, and then proceeds to prove it as near as it can be proved. To begin with, there is the plain but grossly neglected statement of Heminge and Condell in their preface:

"Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

And, as Mr. Pollard might have added, remember Ben Jonson's remark about Shakespeare and blotting. Nor is the point weakened by the fact that in the first Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher (1647), Moseley, the publisher, speaks of Fletcher's manuscript in much the same terms. Then, to invite the co-operation of the copyist was both to add to the expenses and to tempt the prowling pirate. Next, there are actually autograph manuscripts of plays surviving in which the patent of the licenser and the insertions of the prompter both appear. And, most oddly, one of them is "Sir Thomas More," in which, as Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, the authority on handwriting, suggests, Shakespeare may have collaborated. Here, therefore, is a discovery indeed. The first Quartos and the first Folio, too, actually retain a few of the prompter's marginal readings—imperatives which have been mostly smoothed and edited away in the Folio to statements. The players, too, made subsequent use of these very "authorized Quartos." No scrivener could intervene between the printer and the manuscript, because the only available copy had left the theatre. As for the botchings and corruptions that appear in the Quartos, Mr. Pollard puts them down mainly to the Elizabethan printer—an attribution which anyone acquainted with the deeds of that worthy will not be eager to deprecate. The errors multiplied in progressive editions of the first Quartos, and a substantial instance is afforded from the text of the second Quarto of Richard II., which adds 180 per cent. of new ones. It is quite superfluous to put it all down to the superfluous scrivener.

## BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS (Eastern) LTD.

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of this Company was held on the 24th inst. at the Midland Grand Hotel, Sir Jesse Boot, Bart., presiding.

The Chairman said he was glad to be able to congratulate the shareholders on the results of the year's trading. They had during the year added some thousands of pounds to the reserve and contingency funds, and the amount carried forward had been increased from £17,372 to £19,279. They were trying—as far as was possible by the exercise of business foresight—to secure for the shareholders a steady and desirable dividend, free from fluctuation, and after a reasonable dividend had been secured they desired their employees to share in the results of the trading. For the last six years those who were shareholders in any of the companies had been paid an extra 2½ per cent. per annum.

During the year, as last, they gave, in conjunction with their other companies, an extra week's pay to every employee, and this one extra week's pay cost the combined companies no less than £15,000. Apart from this, under their various bonus and profit-sharing schemes, they had distributed during the last year something like £5,000 amongst their retail managers.

They had always felt how largely the successful conduct of the business depended upon the skill and ability of their qualified managers, and upon their attention to detail. Many of them had rendered long and faithful service. He regarded them as personal friends, and greatly regretted that owing to physical disadvantages he was debarred from coming into more constant personal touch with them in their work. Some twenty-one years since a provident fund for the benefit of the qualified managers was started in recognition of their valuable services. Year by year sums had been voted towards it, and in the Eastern Company alone they had £26,000 set aside for the fund.

Each of the other companies also had its own amount set aside, and the total in March last aggregated £117,659, which, with interest added, would now be about £120,000. The interest on the fund was £6,000 per annum.

With regard to the benefit funds for the wives of men in the Army, £9,500 would have been paid during the twelve months of the current year, and employees remaining at work had contributed about £4,000 to these particular funds.

Two years ago he mentioned that the parent company was beginning the manufacture of a number of fine chemicals which, before the war, were made only in Germany. To accommodate these undertakings and their accessory research laboratories, they had erected extensive new buildings, and had put down plant and apparatus for this purpose alone of a value of no less than £200,000. He believed that this outlay would be fully justified by results, and he considered that in this range of their undertakings they were rendering an important national service in a two-fold direction.

In addition to dealing with the chemicals formerly made in Germany, their Research Department had been busily engaged in working out details for the manufacture, in quantity, of some remarkably efficient articles introduced to the medical profession by Dr. Dakin, who published the formulae of them for the public good. Two of these—Chloramine-T and Halazone—had been extensively used with admirable results. The former was an antiseptic, and Halazone tablets had proved most effectual for the sterilization of impure drinking water. Two other articles were Proflavine and Acriflavine, and they were making both.

The British Fire Prevention Committee—a powerful body of technical experts—had paid particular attention to a new treatment for burns, the formula for which had been published in the "British Medical Journal." They had contracted with Boot's to prepare a standardized product under the name of "Burnol," which was a marvellous treatment for burns. The reports of the efficacy of Burnol made by the medical men who had tested it was remarkably eulogistic, and already they were receiving inquiries with respect to it from all parts of the world.

Respecting the vacancy on the board of directors, the Chairman said the proposal he was about to make would mark a new departure in the history of the Company. It was that the new director should be a lady.

Lady Boot had a long business experience which few women of the time could claim to equal, and it was no secret to those who had any inside knowledge of the Company's affairs that to her belonged the credit of having largely assisted him in bringing their shop up to their high standard of artistic excellence in the matter of their fittings and adornment. Lady Boot had also, for many years, been responsible for the development of the toilet and gifts branches of our business.

But that was only one of the reasons why he proposed that Lady Boot should take the vacant place on the board of the Company. The other was of even greater weight. It was that, as the staff of the Company became more and more recruited from women, there should be a woman member of the board who had special sympathy with, and knowledge of, their wants and feelings.

The report and accounts were adopted.



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16, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.

We are now on sure ground. The genuine text of Shakespeare is that of the first Quartos and of the first Folio (the eighteenth-century editors, except Capell, printed their texts from the fourth Folio) in so far as it printed plays that had not been printed in quarto and were derived from Shakespeare's manuscript. And the variants (which are common to the process of reprinting) from and after the first Quartos are valueless. Here is an example. The first Quarto of Richard III. has, "Tis she that tempers him to this extremity." The later Quartos substitute, "That tempts him to this extremity," and the first Folio restores the truncated and hobbling line by, "That tempts him to this harsh extremity." If it has diluted Shakespeare's speech and made it more commonplace, it scans. But the point is that Shakespeare never wrote it. This is Mr. Pollard's modest summary of the whole controversy:—

"It is bibliographically probable that some of the first Quarto Editions of Shakespeare's plays were printed from the author's own autograph manuscript, which had previously been used as a prompt-copy; that the actors replaced their manuscript prompt-copy by a copy of the printed Quarto, which in its turn received additional stage directions, and also readings representing some of the variants which were adopted by individual actors; that in 1622 a copy of the last Quarto on the market was sent to the playhouse to be roughly collated with the printed prompt-copy, and that the copy so corrected was the source of the Folio text of a normal play originally printed in a duly registered Quarto."

The importance, therefore, of the later Quartos (unless access was had to a new manuscript) is purely genealogical. And the first Folio itself (the other three are worthless) if we exclude those plays in it which did not come through the Quartos, is an *edited text*. And Malone, though he went wrong over the transcripts and the pirates, was the only eighteenth-century editor to see that the first editions of the plays are, for textual genuineness, the only authority. Mr. Pollard supplies more evidence (we have no room but to touch lightly upon it) in the light punctuation of the earlier Quarto texts—a punctuation ("Speake the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue") which Shakespeare preferred, partly for the sake of indicating psychological changes more delicately and intimately, partly to prevent the players from declaiming heavily and "in good set terms." The Folio sticks capitals on to its abstract substantives (sparingly used in the first Quartos), and altogether solidifies and deadens the punctuation. For reading Shakespeare's great speeches as he desired them to be delivered, we must go back to the first Quartos.

In spite of the fact that a revised estimate has still to be more fully applied to the Folio, it is hardly necessary to underline the profound significance of Mr. Pollard's findings. There are objections nevertheless—call them glosses on Mr. Pollard's text. If the autograph manuscript had so travelled, social, and adventurous a career, well, it must have arrived at the printer's in something of the condition that Fanny reached Casterbridge in "Far From the Madding Crowd"—sadly dog-eared, to say the least. Think of the marginalia added to it, Shakespeare's own addenda perhaps, actors, prompter, licenser! We begin to think indulgently of that Elizabethan printer, and that even the first Quarto cannot have been so very accurate a reproduction of the manuscript. Shakespeare, too, must have made some erasures in this his rough copy before it went off to the Globe. And what of Shakespeare's authenticated handwriting? Signatures to documents are notoriously illegible scribbles; but it is difficult to imagine a neat and legible hand from the hieroglyphs appended to his will. And must not this unique copy, from various points of view, have imposed a strain upon the theatrical staff which taxed it not a great deal less than the scrivener and the menace of the buccaneer behind him would have done? The playhouses were unbusinesslike enough, but—! There is, too, the point as to whether a few of the variants in the later Quartos and the Folio do not actually "improve" Shakespeare's language—correct it nearer to the aesthetic mind of Shakespeare, if not to his *presumably* literal expression. Might they not, for instance, in a very small number of cases, revise the printers' errors which must have appeared, and did appear, in the first and authoritative Quartos? Let not Mr. Pollard mistake us. These objections do not go anywhere near obliterating the substantial, the revolutionary value of his masterly exposition. They only, we think, cast

a slight, even a trivial, interrogative shadow over it, and rather invite him to elucidate them the more to our satisfaction.

## The Week in the City.

THE chief financial feature of the last week in the City has been the gradual tightening of money caused by the heavy sales of Treasury Bills, and the withdrawal of 5 per cent. Exchequer Bonds, which was announced on Saturday afternoon. These 5 per cent. Exchequer Bonds have been on offer for twenty-four weeks, and have yielded just under 82 millions sterling, which is a much less sum than the sales of Treasury Bills alone during the last fortnight. It is observed that the floating debt in Treasury Bills has now again risen to the appalling total of 900 millions sterling—more than the whole of our funded Debt before the war! The news of Sir Douglas Haig's fresh endeavors to break through did not help the markets, and on Wednesday Consols, War Loan, and home railways were weak. Another collapse in prices might be anticipated but for the growing optimism as to the prospects of an early peace. The price of silver had soared to 55 pence per ounce on Tuesday, but on Wednesday and Thursday this new high record led to sales of the metal, and the price dropped back to 51 pence.

### ASSOCIATED PORTLAND CEMENT.

Although the report for the year ended June 30th last shows a slight improvement, the Directors of the Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers Ltd. again declare their intention of passing the preference dividend. For the year 1915-16, it was passed for the first time in the company's history, and it is now stated that the cost of production has further increased, that there has been a reduced output, and that inadequate transport facilities have prevented the expected expansion in the export markets. The slight increase in profits which is shown after paying over £17,000 more for repairs and renewals than last year, is said to be due to a good return from the South African works in which the company is interested. The following table shows results for the past five years:—

	1912-13	1913-14	1914-15	1915-16	1916-17
	£	£	£	£	£
Profit	585,600	556,300	450,700	351,200	367,600
Interest	235,100	222,700	222,300	226,400	221,400
Sinking Funds, Res. &c.	116,300	101,500	101,300	113,700	125,600
Preference Dividend	124,200	125,100	125,700	—	—
Balance	109,800	100,000	1,500	11,100	19,600

The year 1912-13 was the company's best year, and the ordinary shareholders received their first and only dividend—one of 5 per cent. The severe restrictions on building and constructional work have been responsible for poor results since the war, but it may safely be said that the tremendous amount of reconstruction and building which will be required when peace is declared, will give a great stimulus to the company's activities, and enable it to wipe off its arrears of preference dividend. After applying £56,600 to depreciation and sinking funds, £20,000 to income-tax adjustment, and £50,000 to general reserve and depreciation account, there is a balance of £19,600, which, added to balance of £164,100, makes a total of £183,700 to be carried forward.

### THE RISE IN HOME RAILS.

The department which has benefited as much as any from the present optimism on the Stock Exchange has been the Home Railway Market. A good investment demand has sprung up, and with little stock about, it has soon had a noticeable effect upon prices:—

	Dividends.	Price, End	Present
Year	Year	of August,	Price.
1915.	1916.	1917.	Rise.
p.c.	p.c.		
Great Eastern Ord. Stock	24	24	35
Great Western	52	52	85
London & North-Western	6	6	91 $\frac{1}{2}$
London & S.W. Def. Stock	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	22
Midland Deferred	4	4	55
South-Eastern Deferred	1	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	27 $\frac{1}{2}$

While the "heavies" have scored the largest rises, there have also been improvements in southern passenger stocks, and in some of the lower-priced descriptions, such as Caledonian Deferred, Great Central Deferred, and South Westerns. Investors are probably realizing that although labor troubles are an ever threatening bogey, there is no reason why Home Rails should stand at so low a level as to return a higher yield than Argentine, Mexican, and Canadian and other railway securities, for whom such difficulties are likely to be at least quite as serious.

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